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ART. I.—*The Life and Letters of Barthold George Niebuhr ; with Essays on his Character and Influence.* By the Chevalier Bunsen, and Professors Brandis and Loebell. In two vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1852.

WE have here very ample private records, illustrative of the character of a remarkable man, and set off by what is so honourable to him, the devoted zeal of accomplished personal friends. Everything that friendship could do to make him loved and admired has here been done; nor can it be complained that we have not full materials for judging of his social, spiritual, literary, and political qualities. In a correspondence so large and long continued, from a mind engaged simultaneously in occupations so diverse, much variety was to be expected. If few among us can take equal interest in all his topics, no intelligent persons can fail to find much that is important. We have sentiments of love and of friendship, filial and parental thoughts, social economy, moral and theological contemplations, patriotic anxieties, antiquarian allusions, controversial discussions, criticisms on individual works or character, literary advice, notices of political revolutions in progress, numerous political theories crossing our path,—to be approved or reprobated; and through all a pure, generous, and feminine character, preserving its individuality and grave self-possession in the presence of princes and in the service of a despotic court.

N. S.—VOL. III.

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Yet we cannot pretend that these volumes have raised our previously conceived opinion of Niebuhr. Delightful as were his virtues, they were solely such as belong to private life; while his defects, however little they might impair personal affection in his intimates, were in our judgment quite fatal to his public utility. Like a lovely lady, he was made to be the ornament of a house and the pride of his nearest friends; but he could no more bear contradiction than a sovereign; if any one undervalued his literary performances, he replied by insulting their mental faculties (*fools, blockheads, &c.*, are his familiar weapons): his prejudices were so intense against races of men and in favour of antiquated and now impossible arrangements, that he could endure no modern reforms whatever, but played into the hands of tyranny, while making high professions of liberality. His political economy was such, as must have made his finance-operations a doubtful benefit. His splendid faculties were so divided among a thousand subjects, that he does not appear to have thought out one single topic thoroughly; and his want of logical patience, with his extreme self-confidence, made him in everything incoherent and unconvincing.

The translation of the letters seems to be a most successful and reputable performance. Niebuhr's historical style is notoriously difficult; and though his letters must not be compared to his history, yet the moment he begins to reason or philosophize, the elements of the same difficulty recur. Nevertheless, the English is simple and unaffected, flowing, idiomatic, without any unpleasant tinge of Germanism. We cannot speak for the faithfulness of the translation from any personal acquaintance with the originals: but we fully believe in it, both from the internal characteristics of the letters, and from the extraordinary zeal that has been manifested by all Niebuhr's friends, to secure in every translation *that* fidelity to him which he was among the first to exact and uphold.

The external life of Barthold George Niebuhr, may here be briefly sketched. He was born in 1776, at Copenhagen: he went to the University of Kiel in 1794; in 1796, when not yet twenty years of age, he became private secretary to Count Schimmelman, Danish minister of finance. Finding himself more in company than he liked, he gave up this post early in 1797 for that of 'supernumerary secretary in the royal library,' with permission of foreign travel. It sounds incredible that Schimmelman offered to him in August, 1797, when he was barely twenty-one years of age, the place of 'consul-general in Paris;' through indecision he lost the appointment, but visited England and Scotland in 1798 and 1799. In 1800 he was appointed

‘ assessor at the board of trade for the East India department,’ and ‘ secretary and head clerk of the standing commission of the affairs of Barbary:’ and married Amelia Behrens, whose widowed sister, Mrs. Hensler, had become his intimate friend.

In 1801 he was present at Copenhagen when our fleet under Nelson made its deplorable assault on that city. In 1804 he became first director of the bank, director of the East India department, and *member* (instead of *secretary*) of the standing commission above-named. In 1805 he was solicited to abandon the Danish for the Prussian service, and in 1806 accepted the offer of becoming joint director of the first bank in Berlin and of a privileged company called the *See-handlung*. The Danish government, which had heaped such premature honours and emoluments upon him, was much mortified to lose his services.

He entered Berlin in 1806, nine days before the dreadful defeat of Jena, which was followed so rapidly by others, that the Prussian executive was soon all but dissolved, and he became a fugitive with his young wife. From 1806 to 1814 was a dreary period of misery or uncertainty. Yet in 1810 Niebuhr, having refused to act under Count Hardenberg as premier, turned his exertions into a new channel. The University of Berlin had been just opened. Niebuhr had never forsaken his old classical studies, and obtained leave to deliver a course of lectures on the history of Rome. From 1810 to 1813 was his first period of professorship. But after Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, when the great uprising for freedom broke out in Germany, Niebuhr was called back into public life, and assumed the high position of representative of Prussia to foreign powers in financial affairs. In June 1815, his beloved Amelia died. The next year he was appointed ambassador to Rome, in order to negotiate a concordat with the Pope, concerning the management of the Romish churches in Prussia. He was to be accompanied by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Hensler and her niece Margaret; but this was strangely altered by his marrying the young Margaret in less than a year after the death of Amelia, and while his heart was quite unconsoled for her loss. In Rome and Italy he remained near seven years, and returned to Germany in August, 1823. He selected Bonn as his place of residence, and in 1825 resumed the duties of a literary professor, which he continued till his death. This took place in 1831 from an apparently slight inflammation of the lungs.

On reading such an outline, the first feeling may be that of surprise at the very early promotion which is possible in Denmark and Prussia,—a promotion hardly allowable in England to the sons of our oldest dukes, and surpassed only in the case of the prime minister, Pitt. Carston Niebuhr, the father, was

a celebrated Arabian traveller, and from him the son had imbibed a taste for eastern languages. The accomplishments of the young Niebuhr were something frightful. In the year 1807, when he was thirty-one years old, a letter of his father describes him as acquainted with *twenty* languages,—viz., German, Low German, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Russian, Slavonic, Bohemian, Polish, Illyrian, French, Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, English, Persian, Arabic, Hebrew, Latin, Greek. Some of these differ but slightly from others, and we may make allowance for fatherly pride in the enumeration. But there is no doubt that he was a *master* of the following tongues for all the purposes of life—German, Danish, English, French, Italian, besides his eminent scholarship in Latin and Greek. Some of his friends deprecated his study of language as a waste of his powers; but the very fact of his being carried into so eccentric an effort shows the extreme facility with which he learnt, and everything combines to persuade us that this was the real department in which he was born to excel. His wonderful memory was an eminent part of the talent, and was applied not only to languages, but to a variety of miscellaneous reading. Besides history, travels, and modern politics, jurisprudence, mental philosophy, chemistry, and other modern science, attracted his interest; to say nothing of poetry, light literature, and the fine arts. But his remarkable attainments would not have sufficed for his very early promotion, had there not been in him a premature gravity and sobriety of deportment, which, indeed, at one time involved a shyness and awkwardness better suited to the *bureau* than to English public life. Perhaps to the last he may be described as shy, and deficient in that ease which is almost universally acquired in the highest circles.

The foundation of his moral character is described as ‘tenderness and truth.’ With these primary qualities were connected a vehement love of knowledge for its own sake, and an eminent purity of passions. Of the animal nature, he may seem to have had even too little, and possibly this is not accidentally connected with his want of some needful masculine qualities. His whole cast of mind was ‘naturally spiritual’ (if our readers will allow the expression). From earliest youth, without any definite system of religious *doctrine*, he nourished the purest resolves, severe self-judgment, and an earnest practical piety. His affection to his friends was of so tender and lively a cast, that it was liable to run into jealousy if for a moment he suspected it not to be adequately returned. In those studies for which his name is best known in England,—historical research,—his eminence chiefly depended on his pas-

sionate desire to realise facts to his imagination in a concrete form. He could not bear to accept words for truths, but he desired to get to the bottom of the practical reality. He never studied for money or for fame, but for the knowledge itself; and this is the spirit which alone can be expected to open new truth in any department.

For a German and man of letters, we presume that he must have early received a rather ample income; but he had no taste for show or material enjoyment. He exercised secret generosity towards friends in need, and for literary objects he would not spare expense. As an ambassador at Rome, he abhorred ceremony and pomp, and only gave one splendid entertainment. His straightforwardness and unshrinking truth might have seemed to unfit him for diplomacy, but it was not so. Having a mission entrusted to him in which there was nothing to conceal, none but honourable objects to aim at, he was soon understood by other diplomatists, and appears to have had full as much success as, in a question involving Romish interests, the craftiest veteran could have gained. In the corrupt atmosphere of cardinals and courtiers, in Italy or in Germany, he remained the same simple-minded and pure-hearted man. On his journey into Italy, in passing through the Tyrol, he made a point of going to see the brave peasant, Speckbacher,—a worthy successor of Hofer,—who had so withstood the Bavarians, then allies of Napoleon. Noble qualities, in every rank of life, except in constitutionalists and reformers, touched Niebuhr's heart, and drew him into intimacy. He did not forget that his own grandfather was a Hanoverian peasant proprietor; and for this class of society he had always a warm regard.

In fact, this relationship with peasant-proprietors,—who abounded also in his native Ditmarsch,—and the ancient customs of the township, gave a great zest to his study of the small republics of antiquity. If we mistake not, the disappearance of local rights in the greater part of Europe made him more passionate in love of all that remained, and also of the old Roman plebeian life. But we observe that on his return from Italy, in passing through St. Gall, in Switzerland, he is disgusted at the smallness of the republic, and the consequent official dignity often put on the poor. His complaint, however, is so mixed up with that of the *newness* of the constitution, ('everything here,' says he, 'dates from 1803 and 1814,') that we suspect his intense hatred of revolutions to have somewhat affected his judgment.

To give connectedness to our farther remarks, we shall speak

separately of Niebuhr in regard to theology, literary study, political finance, politics, and history.

We think it detracts somewhat from his mental greatness, that his CREED THEOLOGICAL is so arbitrary, unintellectual, and indeterminable. His mind is such, that we could not have been surprised at his becoming Puseyite, or Romanist, or pagan, or deist: all alike might have suited him. In this and in some other points he reminds us of Wordsworth. His human sympathies appear to have overpowered his masculine judgment. Goodness under every creed he so heartily acknowledged and loved, as to be capable of overlooking the deformity of the creed itself, and perhaps of being attracted to it. His own consciousness of total perplexity is well expressed in the following words (Dec. 13th, 1817):—‘I have still less idea how any improvement is to be brought about in religious than in civil affairs, *unless we have a new revelation*. A religion in which people cannot stand firmly on their feet, but must hold on by their hands, while their feet are suspended in the air, cannot long maintain itself.’

In no letter, perhaps, is so elaborate a statement made of his belief, as in one to V***, dated 12th July, 1812. He informs us, that his intellect early took a sceptical direction, since he had ‘miserable religious instruction.’ In riper years, the discrepancies of the gospels showed him the impossibility of drawing ‘*even the outlines of a tenable history*’ of Jesus. In the Messianic allusions of the Old Testament, he could find no prophecies nor anything difficult of explanation. Nevertheless, the real holiness of Jesus was a certainty to him, and miracles a fundamental fact, which it was absurd and unphilosophical to doubt. Still (he adds) he cannot claim to be a genuine Protestant Christian, nor would Luther admit him; and (says he) ‘I am far from having as firm a faith in these objects as in those of historical experience. *They are still only in and among my thoughts; not external to, and above me.*’ The only interpretation we can put on this is, that he regarded miracles in theory to be an undeniable fact, which yet, somehow or other (for, as he says at the beginning, ‘Faith is not given to every nature’), he was aware he did *not* believe. In 1817, when his first child, Marcus, was born, of his second wife, he informs Mrs. Hensler, that in his terrible anxiety, he prayed most earnestly, and *entreated his deceased wife for help*. This, as a momentary venting of feeling might be better forgotten, only that Niebuhr mentions it three times, as if with complacency, in this letter. In the very next, before the child is a month old, the father has begun to study how to educate him,

and enunciates the following:—‘I wish the child *to believe all that is told him*. . . . While I shall repeat and read to him the old poets in such a way, that *he will undoubtedly take the gods and heroes for historical beings*, I shall tell him at the same time . . . that these gods were overthrown when Christ came into the world. He shall believe in the *letter* of the Old and New Testaments, and *I shall nurture in him from his infancy a firm faith in all that I have lost or feel uncertain about*.’

We cannot but be amazed at this. Here is a truth-loving man, who abhors everything like priestcraft and deception, and yet purposely teaches his child to believe what he himself thinks to be false! The man whose intellect cannot deny the miracles, and whose imagination cannot believe them, can yet pray to his dead wife, and urge his living one to expect aid from her. Why, but because he was accustomed to such thoughts in a Romish atmosphere? There is no self-standing strength of mind in all this. Manifestly, Niebuhr’s heart and intellect were not in concord. In order to gratify the yearnings of his soul, he has to make a sacrifice of his understanding. When once a man is in this position, he cannot haggle about a little more or less. It costs no more to step into a belief of the infallibility of the *church* than of the *Bible*, if it is to be done by shutting the eyes; to believe in saints is as easy as to believe in Christ. It might seem that he was intending to throw ridicule on a very grave matter, when he simultaneously plans to teach the little Marcus that the gods of Homer are real beings, and that the letter of the Old Testament is really true, while the father distinctly disbelieves both.

The *moral* side of Niebuhr’s religion is generally pure and discriminating. His deep disapproval of some of Goethe’s writings would be treated by Mr. Carlyle with supreme contempt; but in all such matters, he had the judgment of a Christian, not of a pantheist or pagan. To the same head we refer his great distaste for Plato, of whom he complains mournfully and sorely, in the tone of a man who would speak more vehemently, but that he knows Plato to be so much admired by some of his friends. Only on one subject do Niebuhr’s moral views appear to us out of harmony with the New Testament, and not without hurt to himself: we refer to his inability to conceive any circumstances which could ever have made him *base*. This is fully discussed in an interesting letter of March, 1811 (No. 134). Undoubtedly the tender-minded or generous man is unable to conceive influences which might have made him gratuitously cruel or grasping and miserly. But as each nature has its strong side so has each its weak;

and, waiving all inscrutable influences of divine grace, we see not how to doubt, that by circumstance and temptation duly applied to that weak part at a sufficiently early age, every human soul might be totally corrupted, not indeed all into the same sort of baseness, but all so as to be really base. And we doubt whether one who believes this impossible concerning himself, can avoid to mingle a Mohammedan *scorn* with Christian *pity* for the wicked. Moreover, the exasperating sharpness of Niebuhr's attacks on moral and intellectual character seem to us to be naturally accounted for by this defect in self-knowledge.

In the same letter he is engaged in defending himself from the charge of an excessive harshness of judgment, dictated by party feeling. His reply is, that party feeling would surely lead him equally to an unwarrantable palliation of faults, of 'which he is certain he will not be accused. It does not seem to occur to him, that the omniscience which he assumes will account for his impartial censoriousness.

Probably the self-confidence, natural to all young men of such quick talent as Niebuhr, was fostered by his early promotion, his secluded habits, and the warm admiration of his select circle of friends; though Mrs. Hensler has the courage to tell him plainly of his faults also. Be this as it may, it is very plain, and it is lamented by his biographers, that he often distressed even his dearest friends by his severity against them (which he redeemed by affection, never by apologies), and naturally he must have made many enemies in the same way. Probably no one reads even his 'Roman History' without surprise at his power of censure against men of whom nothing but the names were supposed to be known.

It is the more serious drawback on his character, that, while so slashing against others, he is so *thin-skinned* himself. His friend Bunsen calls his 'immoderate vexation,' when he was undervalued, his chief failing. It does not appear to us so serious a failing, as his scorn for others; but, we are sorry to add, Bunsen religiously adopts a tone of the same kind. To this we must afterwards recur.

On the subject of LITERARY STUDY, a letter was written by Niebuhr to a young man, in 1822, full of interest, and clearly showing, by the way, the course of Niebuhr's own mind. The remarks on Style flow out of, and admirably illustrate, his truthfulness. His suggestions as to classical reading indicate how he himself made the great aim of study, to imbibe from it substantial wisdom and noble sentiment. On this account he disapproves of the reading of Satire, as quite unsuited to young

men, tending to lower their moral tone, and undermine their faith in virtue. Of Horace's 'Satires' he speaks with a melancholy pity; Juvenal, except a few fragments, he totally dissuades. He advises to 'let critics and emendators alone for the present.' All this is in the tone of the classical scholars of the 16th century, who studied Greek—not for the language, nor as a cultivation of taste, but to imbibe wisdom. If this can no longer be done—barely because there is now more of wisdom in modern literature—it is surely high time to select for equally devoted study some standard writers of the moderns. But to read the ancients for taste, and the moderns for thought, is apt to involve an enormous waste of effort.

The reader of these letters will find them to abound with paragraphs which appertain to literary criticism; but our limits warn us not to tarry on them. We proceed to remark on Niebuhr's POLITICAL FINANCE.

His admiration of peasant-proprietors put him into vehement discordance with Adam Smith, of whom he speaks with an aversion bordering on contempt. In these volumes we find two, and only two, passages which seem to indicate that he had any clear insight at all into what we call political economy: on his doctrines and proceedings as a banker, no light is thrown.

Jan. 27th, 1810. . . . 'I presume you will admit that commerce is a good thing, *and the first requisite to the life of any nation.*' [If we had said this, we should have feared to incur from him some ugly name.] It appears to me that this much has now been palpably demonstrated, that an advanced and complicated social condition, like that in which we live, can only be maintained by establishing mutual relationships between the most remote nations; and that *the limitation of commerce would*, like the sapping of a main pillar, inevitably *occasion the fall of the whole edifice*; and also, that commerce is so essentially beneficial, and in accordance with man's nature, that *the well-being of each nation is an advantage to all the nations which stand in connexion with it.*

So, July 3rd, 1810.—'Pray for free trade; for if you could export your wheat, barley, and oats to foreign countries, you would be saved; just as in that case East Prussia might also recover from the war in the course of a few years.'

Such passages might imply that he would have cordially agreed in action with the school of Adam Smith. In fact, we find him lamenting over the increase of population in a tone absolutely Malthusian (vol. ii. pp. 262, 289), and predicting a series of 'fearful pestilences,' which will infallibly bring back the population to its ancient thinness. On the other hand, he clashed rudely with all our economists in his doctrines concerning prices, interest, and land. He not only desired a system

of peasant-proprietors for its moral effects, but he speaks of it as ruinous to allow the peasants either to mortgage or to sell their land (vol. ii. p. 282), or to leave it to more than one successor (p. 288). His occasional invectives against *English usury* (as p. 364) suggest that his notions of a banker's duties would be thought anything but enlightened in Lombard-street, where interest is probably lower than in any other spot in the world. In vol. i. p. 395, Niebuhr broaches the theory, that it is only a little state which can have 'as such' a national debt. Since the debts of France, Austria and England were already vast in 1813, we presume him to have meant, that if the creditors of the state are citizens and not foreigners, the debt was no evil. No sense that we can assign to it will show him as a wise financier. Nor only so, but he writes as follows concerning the prices of wheat:

'The price would have risen to forty with us, as the forestallers and regrators set no bounds to their audacity, but that a counter-speculation was set on foot. Meanwhile, that forestalling is an honest trade, to which the state can offer no opposition—that by these high prices and their profits large capitals are created, which contribute much more to the increase of the national wealth, than the pennies trickling through the poor man's purse for his daily wants—has been proved to satisfaction by political economy: *for which science there is unfortunately no gallows.*

. . . Our forefathers, however, would have drowned the teachers of this wisdom, and my old Romans would have banished them still more rigorously than the Greek sophists, or at least would have ordered them to cease from their *ludus impudentiæ*.'—p. 80.

In this ignorant, absurd, and presumptuous passage, he imputes to economists, that they teach—1st, That national wealth is increased by the high prices of scarcity; 2nd, That the profits of the trade are then greater; 3rd, That large capitals are fostered by them; 4th, That these are the justification of high prices: all of which propositions are totally alien from the school which he attacks. This single paragraph suffices to show, that if Niebuhr was a useful finance-minister, as his friends tell us, he was so by chance: for his doctrines are so incoherent, that no one can guess whether, when put into office, he would turn the black or the white side of his shield to the public. He calls out, 'Trade ought to be free: go ye forth, and sell your wheat, barley and oats; but be not so audacious as to sell it at the price it will fetch in the market, or you will deserve to be gibbeted; and if the people duck you in the horse-pond, I shall rejoice.' While so indecently assailing the honour and morality of men who have devoted their lives to a study which his mind was too illogical to pursue or (it seems) to

understand, it evidently had never occurred to him to ask, either by what index the *proper* price of wheat is to be fixed, or how any management of price could bring the same number of loaves to the consumers' mouths in scarcity as in plenty. The 'counter-speculation' which kept down price to the desirable limit, he is really so ignorant as to impute to a piece of good luck which could not have been counted on. So, too, while forbidding a peasant-proprietor to sell his ground, he does not see the difficulty and injustice to the community of maintaining in possession an idle and worthless man who cumbers the land.

We believe the truth to have been this. Niebuhr lived in a time, at which princes, statesmen, economists and reformers, had generally abandoned as an evil and stupid prejudice of antiquity those institutions in which Niebuhr gloried as the great source of order, virtue, and patriotism; namely, local rights and customs, entails of land, and peasant-proprietors. The last, indeed, were introduced into Prussia by his friend Stein, as a political measure. Economists undoubtedly deprecated them as wasteful of labour. Niebuhr saw *moral* advantages in these institutions, and was irritated to hear *material* and *pecuniary* reasons urged against them as decisive, by those who did not pretend to enter into the moral question. He at once jumped to the conclusion, that such reasoners were a sophistical plague against whom he had a right to use vituperation instead of argument. Hence, instead of increasing his wisdom from them, and superadding his own, so as to rise above them, he merely dropt into folly.

His *POLITICAL* position and doctrines deserve still closer attention. It has often seemed to us wonderful, that a man of so much liberality of sentiment, so full of sympathy with popular liberties, so keen in reproof of tyranny (at least of tyrannous aristocracies), so warm in approbation of revolutions which established liberty, so remarkably plain spoken and even passionate in his utterances, should have been able to retain the favour of a despotic court, and avoid all personal collisions. We lament to say that these volumes explain to us the phenomenon too clearly. The English translator (Preface, p. ix.) 'hopes that Niebuhr will not be misunderstood in England, and that those who occupy themselves with political questions will lay his words to heart.' Probably many of his words deserve to be laid to heart—those which speak of the importance of local liberties, local executive (as opposed to centralization), and culture of the soil by those who have permanent right in it: but as to the course and tendency of Niebuhr's own political action, we feel that there is, alas! no possibility of thinking that we *misunderstand* it. In short, his theories

were liberal, but notoriously impracticable, even in his own judgment: of the two parties contending in Europe, he condemned *both* in theory, but he energetically hated liberal measures, despised the liberals, and assisted the despots. Our readers will suppose this to be an exaggeration, if we do not add details in proof.

Not one popular movement took place in Europe which Niebuhr did not regret, depreciate, or even slander; not one unjust aggression of tyrants to which he alludes, except in approbation. The great French revolution, drawing after it the unspeakable calamities of the empire, no one will blame him for shuddering at: its benefits were hardly as yet visible. After this, at the interval of more than twenty years, followed the reform of the Sicilian constitution (1812), under the auspices of the tory English government. Of this mild, moderate, necessary reform, which did but strengthen hereditary liberties, dating as far back as those of England, against the machinations of an Austrian queen, who was the link between the king and the two despotic courts of Paris and Vienna,—of this reform Niebuhr speaks as follows:—

October, 1812.—‘Are you not startled at the Sicilian constitution? *Don't you see that it is altogether the work of the aristocracy?* It is true that many grievances are cleared away at a stroke, over which travellers have lamented for the last forty years as hindrances to prosperity, and the island may become wealthy; *but how can there be tranquillity? Every thing will go on seething and fermenting. England sends forth in all directions, probably quite unsuspected* by the ministers, a spirit of republicanism, which will make that country as much disliked by all sovereigns and governments as it is already by their subjects, for its conduct with regard to their commercial and manufacturing interests.*’

If this had been shown us as a letter of Prince Metternich, we should have felt no suspicion against its genuineness. Forsooth, to find fault with the Sicilian reform, because it was ‘altogether the work of the aristocracy,’ and because it was recommended by England! If it had been ‘altogether the work of a democracy,’ what would he have said then? It is to change, *as such*, that he here objects; to a change, which he admits to be beneficial,—which he sees to be carried in the most desirable and safe of all methods, by the initiative of an ancient peerage, with the zealous support of a whole nation, under the direct protection of conservative royalist England—a country whose past revolutions Niebuhr (in theory) admires and

* This, no doubt, alludes to the popularity gained by Lord William Bentinck, whose noble character so attracted the Sicilians and others, to the great displeasure of ‘the sovereigns.’

defends. He disapproves of this beneficial, lawful, constitutional reform, solely because he distrusts English 'republicanism,' and expects it will make people hanker for farther changes. And this is the advocate of plebeian liberties!

In the same year, 1812, while Joseph Bonaparte was kept up as a nominal king of Spain by his imperial brother's force, the heroic Spaniards, by the obstinate defence of their towns, and the English forces under Wellington, by their disciplined valour, drove back the veteran armies of France, and bit by bit regained the national liberties. While Ferdinand was still in French captivity the Spanish Cortes met and proclaimed the constitution of 1812, which was signed by the regents, and acknowledged by the allies of Spain. Of this constitution Niebuhr never speaks but in terms of exasperated scorn. On April 19th, 1814, he called it 'a senseless anarchy.' On the 5th February, 1820, he writes: 'However deeply we must abhor the tyranny in Spain,' (where Ferdinand had violently overthrown the constitution of 1812,) 'no immediate redemption can be expected from a revolt followed by the proclamation of the most senseless constitution that was ever hatched, but only misery and civil war.' On the 25th March, he calls the constitution 'a monster of anarchy.' On the 6th May, he declares that 'there are no elements of freedom in Spain,' (at the very period at which the constitution was victorious,) and assures his correspondent, as 'a certain fact,' that when Ferdinand, in 1814, violently overthrew the Cortes, so great was the zeal of the Spaniards for 'absolute monarchy,' that there were 'universal rejoicings.' Of a piece with this is his feeling all along. The machinations of the Spanish priests, who were enraged at the abolition of the inquisition and of the monastic orders, and at the sale of the monastic lands, stirred up civil war on the frontier of Portugal. But in March 1822, in spite of the intrigues of the French court, tranquillity was restored, moderate men were in ascendancy, and Spain seemed about to take its place as a constitutional monarchy. The 'holy alliance' had hoped to destroy it by intrigue and internal division; but when that appeared hopeless, Russia, Prussia, and Austria commissioned the French king to destroy the Spanish constitution by force. At this crisis, what were Niebuhr's feelings? Did he retract his former suspicions? Did he rejoice that things had turned out better than he had feared? When the Spaniards had crushed what he himself called a horrible tyranny, and had established order and moderation, did he hope that Spain would be left to enjoy her hard-earned freedom? No; but he was full of alarm lest mischief-making England should support the Spanish constitu-

tion of 1812, which she had solemnly recognised, and which had at least equal right to exist with her own.

February 9th, 1823.—‘England must choose between two futures. Has she the will and the power to adopt a manly and virtuous policy? Then she will occupy herself with the moral reformation of society; *she will renounce the project of domineering over and weakening the continent of Europe; . . .* she may deplore a war with Spain, but *she will not give a mortal blow to the restoration in France.*’

Thus, according to Niebuhr, it was ‘manly and virtuous policy’ in England to drive the French out of Spain when led by Napoleon; but when led by the Duke d’Angoulême, then to oppose them would be unendurable hatred of order, and a desire ‘to weaken Europe;’ nay, an absurd inconsistency. For we, who had forced a Bourbon dynasty on France, might give a mortal blow to this excellent work, by opposing Bourbon despotism over Spain!

We must be more concise. Niebuhr felt nothing but vexation and fear from constitutionalism in Sicily, in Naples, in Spain. Concerning Rome, he writes (May 6th, 1820):—‘Thoroughly bad as the government of the priests is, I declare with full conviction, that if the power were to fall into the hands of other classes here, the state of affairs would be incomparably worse.’ So zealous is he in cruel contempt of the Italians, that he becomes quite ridiculous in his invectives. He declares that they are a very ugly people; that they cannot sing,* but only screech (vol. ii. p. 64), and that no nation can be less musical (p. 149). Of course they are liars, and thieves, and cowards; and, as usual, he has a very free vocabulary for all practical reformers. Not only so, but he says that ‘Italy was always an infernal pool’ (vol. ii., p. 216), even during her age of freedom, wealth, and glory, and that he ‘entirely defends Machiavel’s ‘Prince,’ taken in its full and literal acceptance, even as he certainly wrote it in the bitterest earnest. *How much there is which we may not say aloud for fear of being stoned by the stupid good people!* There are times in which every individual must be sacred to us; *others in which we can and ought only to treat men in masses.* All depends on a true understanding of the times. . . . To talk of freedom in Italy in our days is what none but a fool or a villain could do.’ Truly we do not remember to have read anywhere a more coolly savage defence of murderous usurpation than this whole passage. At the Ger-

* This will naturally raise the question, Had Niebuhr a musical ear himself? It is amusing to hear him complain of the ugly shapes of the Alps, and prefer the round hills of Heidelberg (vol. ii. p. 269). The Alps are ‘painfully rude and misshapen, jagged, inharmonic!’

many, it will be remembered that her deliverance from Napoleon was won by the enthusiasm of the people, wrought upon by royal promises of restoring the constitutional liberties of which the nation had been robbed by old perfidy. The king of Prussia was eminent in promising; Prussia was as eminent in suffering and in exertion; but when the goal was reached, the king falsified his word, the people were discontented, the young men talked loudly, the government dealt cruelly with them, Niebuhr grieved and pitied the sufferers, but reprobated their folly, and marvelled at his ever having admired them in the crisis of zeal for freedom.

But we have not told the worst, the Chevalier Bunsen reveals to us what, if we had read it from an anonymous pen, we should have thought a slander; we mean, the part which Niebuhr played in the Neapolitan revolution of 1820-21. 'This revolution,' Niebuhr tells us, 'though accomplished apparently with unanimity, and without acts of violence, as great pains are taken to report' (he does not venture to deny the truth of the report), 'is a dreadful and melancholy occurrence. . . . It has been effected by ambitious officers, and by the lodges of the Carbonari, *who are in every respect the wildest and most execrable class of Jacobins.*' Unhappily the Neapolitan revolutionists, instead of conciliating Sicily into federal union, went along with the court which resolved to constrain it into obedience. Sicily rose and claimed her only legal constitution of 1812. The Neapolitan armies, all disciplined and equipped, came down upon the Sicilians before they could organize themselves; Palermo capitulated, but not without extorting a treaty, which, to avoid further civil war, referred the dispute to the national representatives. This treaty was shamefully annulled by the parliament and king of Naples; which leads Niebuhr to moralize on the wickedness of 'these revolutionists,' and to justify the Sicilians, who 'had asked nothing more than their established right.'* Oct. 28th, 1820. They would have gained their rights, their freedom, their old laws, but for the Austrian invasion of 1821; and we now learn from the Chevalier Bunsen (p. 439), 'that when the Austrian army was on its march to put a †bloodless (!

* He here takes the part of Sicily, where it enables him to vituperate the Neapolitan liberals; but *in the very same cause*, we have seen how differently he spoke when the king was the sole opponent to be feared by the Sicilians.

† Niebuhr seizes the opportunity of invective against the innate Neapolitan cowardice, because the Neapolitan armies made little resistance to the Austrians. But the same armies, under the same general, had fought heroically in a bad cause, against Sicily, where Niebuhr laments the bloodshed as horrible. It is evident that the regular army was under royal and priestly influence. The populace and the Calabrians have again and again shown obstinate bravery in the cause of freedom.

end to the revolution, the military chests were found to be exhausted. Some hundreds of thousands of florins were absolutely necessary, if operations were to be carried on. The house of Torlonia offered the money, if Niebuhr would sign bills on the See-handlung for the amount. *He had no orders from Berlin*; but 'he recognised the urgency of the case, and undertook the responsibility without hesitation; nay, in order to obtain the full amount required, *he took up a considerable sum on his own personal credit.*' The emperor was delighted with him, and presented him with the grand cross of the Leopold order: the court of Berlin approved his sound judgment: the freedom of Naples and Sicily was destroyed, and Bunsen records his friend's achievement with sympathy!

We now read some words of Bunsen (p. 438) with new eyes. 'The frank appreciation of Niebuhr by distinguished statesmen gave him great pleasure; although *it sometimes pained him to find himself better understood, and his views regarded with greater sympathy, in England and France than in Germany and among Germans.*' Naturally: the French and English, who only read some speculations of Niebuhr, fancied him to be a friend of freedom: but the Germans, who knew him closer at home, found that his freedom was in the clouds of an irrecoverable antiquity, while his bigotry was a solid and dangerous reality walking on the modern earth.

Niebuhr admired the revolutions of ancient Rome and of modern England, because they were gradual, and built on historical foundations. The reform of the Sicilian constitution *had* these peculiarities; yet he suspected it, condemned it, and lent money to the Austrians, which (unless he was blind) he must see would overthrow it. So long as England supported the Bourbons, and winked at the overthrow of freedom under the foot of princes, Niebuhr admired her: but from the day that Mr. Canning broke with the Holy Alliance, and acknowledged the South American republics, Niebuhr imbibed dislike and contempt of England. From the growing spirit of freedom among us in 1828, he infers (March 14th) 'England's rapidly accelerating decline:—a mortal sickness for which there is no remedy. *I liken the English of the present day to the Romans of the third century after Christ.*' Indeed! but what said he sixteen years before, when our liberties were far more prostrate? (vol. i. p. 351). 'England sends forth a spirit of republicanism. . . . H. is certainly wrong in asserting that the English will end with an absolute monarchy. They are much more likely to try a republic.' In p. 365, he adds, 'that in consequence of usury, idolatry of gain, and Irish immigration, the English middle-class is becoming quite extinct, between wealth and abject

poverty.' This is among the things which he 'announces with the most absolute conviction of their truth,' his usual way of making up for want of proof and reason.

So wholly theoretic and unreal is Niebuhr's admiration of freedom, that his hatred to revolutionists vanishes when they do not attempt to establish constitutional forms (p. 395). Any who set up an out-and-out despotism by violence, like Cæsar, he applauds (p. 217); but of those who establish constitutions he writes as follows, in a paper which deliberately discusses the question of resistance to tyranny:—'We (royalists) agree that revolution is rebellion, and that, of the most ruinous kind; and *we despise the liberals beyond all expression for their shallowness and wickedness.* But I do not thereby abrogate my conviction, that it is only the *despotism* now inseparable from it (owing to the monstrosity of the ruling ideas of the present day), which *renders revolution so utterly execrable, that it can bring forth nothing but evil, and that a sensible man ought to risk everything, even for a bad government, rather than submit to it.*'

Here is a Proteus. Despotism, he says, is the horrible evil. Against despotism, oh, how wisely can he write! how fiercely can he thunder! Liberals, ye are despots! This, and this only, is your wickedness; this is your shallowness. This justifies sweeping you away, as if you were not men, but bundles of lighted straw. Well, but what of a *royal* despot? What of a usurping *Cæsar*? Oh! the case is changed! The royal tyrant, who overthrows the law of the land, who neglects the law of God and his own oath, *he* must be submitted to; and the violent usurper, if he be clever and energetic, and keep clear of constitutionalism, is to be highly praised in spite of his despotism. Who does not see that all this is the sophistry of a man who likes to *talk* for freedom and *act* for tyranny?

Niebuhr fainted with horror at the Polish insurrection of 1830, though he was savage against England for not adequately supporting the *Greek* insurrection a few years before: so utterly void of all principle were his views. In the last month of his life, when the revolutions of Paris, Brussels, and Poland had broken out, he predicted, with oracular certainty, not once, but many times and in many forms, that all Europe was going back into barbarism; the muses and science would take to flight; prosperity, freedom, civility, knowledge, would be annihilated; Europe had fallen into the times of the Gracchi; 'he who thinks the question has anything to do with freedom *is a fool*, (Nov. 1830): after the revolution in Poland, 'not even a miracle could save Germany from ruin.' The thought of emigration to America presented itself; but he said, he would

rather see his children Germans under a Russian rule than Anglo-American. (The reader will have guessed that this disgust at the American republic is something unutterable.) Now, considering that it is hard anywhere to find more false political prophecies and wild mistakes of fact than in these two volumes, it is rather odd, that his friends seem to allow his claims of extraordinary discernment and foresight. Yet the Chevalier Bunsen tells a story which shows how blind Niebuhr was to other men's minds, even when he was in close contact with them. Once only he gave a great entertainment in Rome, to introduce Prince Hardenberg to the Roman nobility; and imagining that he should afford a high treat to all the company, procured sixteen singers to sing in choir the sacred music of the Sistine Chapel. But this was so exceedingly disagreeable, that some of the visitors abruptly left the room, and most were made uneasy and displeased. Bunsen alludes to the swine and pearls; but it seems to escape his notice, that one who so ill judged of the taste of the Roman nobility, could have no insight into the desires and probable actions of masses of men.

Niebuhr's own frank claims of foresight seem to be adopted by his biographer. The former, for instance, writes (Feb. 19th, 1823):—'In reasoning on the future, I have asked myself, what should I do in Mr. Canning's place, *with his principles and character?* [*Italics in original.*] Will you be one of those who would now accuse me of attributing reckless audacity to him with injustice? I think not. It was by similar chains of reasoning, that *I always used to divine the projects of Napoleon, and even the plans of his campaigns.*'

The biographer (vol. i. p. 16) informs us that young Niebuhr, in the early progress of the French revolution, divined 'the progress of the war, the direction which popular movements would take, the plans and objects of revolutionary leaders, the results of the measures adopted. . . . With equal correctness and certainty did he guess the plans of the commanders during the war, from the marches and positions of the armies, in which his exact and detailed geographical knowledge served as a guide to his judgment. He retained this faculty to a considerable extent during the whole of his life, but he possessed it in a higher degree in his earlier years,' &c.

The absurdity of this at once appears if we consider the necessary deficiency in *knowledge of fact* under which he was as to the quality and temper of the troops, the supplies of provisions, &c., the state of roads, the feasibility of safe marches in regions which he knew only from maps: to say nothing of the political side of the matter. The biographer covers his retreat, by allowing that this faculty *decayed somewhat* in later

years ; because all Niebuhr's recorded divinations are miserable failures. But this credulity warns us how large deductions must elsewhere be made on the score of personal partiality.

Niebuhr's hostility to practical freedom was not limited to parliaments. He equally abhors such defences against tyranny as JURIES. (Dec. 19th, 1830.) 'Above all, from a code of criminal law, may God preserve every* country! *even if the jury were not to be immediately introduced in criminal cases, which is, however, an immediate consequence of the principles of these people.*' We need hardly add, that he abhors cheap literature, which, he says, necessarily makes science superficial.

We must, in conclusion, touch on his Roman HISTORY, a subject in itself needing an article. To go into details is wholly impossible ; but we may and must say, that Niebuhr totally mistook the duties of a historian. He supposed it was his place to dogmatize, and *make no attempts to convince the understanding of his reader* ; and if any one made objections, reply that he is an ignorant blockhead, and evidently incompetent to judge ; and that no one *can* judge of such a subject, who has not first gained an eye for seeing it, equal to Niebuhr's. His self-confidence must be named a disgraceful arrogance, unless signally justified by the ultimate agreement of all the soundest scholars. That we do not misrepresent him, will appear by a few extracts :—

Dec. 7th, 1816.—'I am as certain of the correctness of my views [in Roman history] as I am of my own existence. . . . He who presumes to pronounce a judgment on this subject without knowing more than the current opinions on it, has really no voice at all in the matter. Further, it is not to be expected that every one, or even that many, should have that faculty of immediate intuition which would enable them to partake in my immovable conviction : for which I should be ready even to die.'

May 23rd, 1822.—'Of the old Roman constitution, it is plain that Cicero had only the most confused conceptions. . . . It is only a piece of good luck, that no passages occur [in Cicero's newly-discovered treatise] which the *blockheads* could seize as express evidence in favour of the old trivial opinions.'

April 29th, 1827.—'The principles [of my book] are now immovably fixed for all ages. I do not hesitate to say, that the discovery of no ancient historian could have taught the world so much as my work, &c. &c.'

July 1st, 1827.—'The second volume . . . is one of my finest achievements. . . . I have brought out a history worthy of full reliance, although it *deviates essentially* from the statements of our historians.'

Aug. 4th, 1830.—'A very impertinent review of my history has appeared in the *Débats*, . . . no doubt by that *empty sciolist* Villemain,

* Qu. Except ancient Rome ?

whose *weak head* has been turned by the plaudits of the public. This man, *like other fools*, who will make themselves heard, always goes back to the earliest times, and he in particular tells me that it is nothing new to refuse to regard these as historical. *These people are actually unable to understand, that the value of my exposition consists in my having shown why and how each circumstance has been invented.*'

Surely every writer of history is bound to commend himself to men of average knowledge and understanding, not to those only who already are his equals in insight. The plain fact is, that Niebuhr wrote a very learned, very suggestive, very crude, shockingly ill-reasoned, very obscure and very unconvincing book; and then, if a reader remonstrates, he replies, by invective and by vehement re-assertions, that he will stake his life he is right. The extreme absurdity of this is manifest in the fact, that '*his views*' are a heap of isolated propositions, of which some may be true and some may be false, and to speak thus confidently of them collectively is self-condemning. In fact, Niebuhr is generally most confident when there is least cause for it: one may measure his errors by his arrogance. Professor Loebell admits (p. 241) that some learned men still '*controvert almost all Niebuhr's opinions.*' But, he says, all have appropriated to themselves '*his critical method;*' and '*that this alone would secure a high position in all ages for Niebuhr's efforts in the development of science.*'

It is pity that Professor Loebell has not explained what this '*method*' is. We find in Niebuhr much activity in combination, much ingenuity in fancying; but certainly no new organon of reasoning, unless his unendurable garblings* of authors are to be so called; when he cuts a sentence of Livy or Dionysius into pieces, and assures us that half of it is from an elder writer, whose words these authors have preserved without understanding them. We believe that all of Niebuhr's admirers are ashamed of this '*method,*' and silently disown it; although he is as dogmatic about it as about everything else. In the last extract we see that Niebuhr makes the chief value of his researches to consist in that which cannot be proved, and is of exceedingly small importance in itself. For instance; the Romans thought Tarquin the elder to be an Etruscan, and Servius a Latin: Niebuhr will have it that Tarquin was a

* His quotations are often real garblings, highly deceptive. This had at one time shaken our confidence in his integrity. But we have no doubt that it rose out of his abominable practice of trusting his immense memory, instead of referring to the book. The consequence is, that his memory retained only so much as countenanced his theory, and forgot the clauses which positively refuted it. In such ways the self-confident hare is outstripped in the race by the tortoise. No student should ever trust a quotation made by Niebuhr.

Latin, and Servius an Etruscan; and adds, 'that the value of his discussion is in its explaining how the false tale was invented!'

It is often said that Niebuhr is the first who showed how to create an artistical history out of apparently worthless materials. This is a mistake: Gibbon, before him, not only showed how to do it, but did it. Niebuhr has not done it. He has *not* fused his materials into harmony and lucid order. His logical powers were not equal to the task of giving coherence to the mass of erudition and conjecture which he accumulated: hence the exceeding obscurity and the dulness of his book. Nor had he at the beginning of a chapter a clear view of all he was about to write. Thus Grote justly says of his discussion concerning the Pelasgians, that he begins it with disgust and despair, and ends it with full confidence and satisfaction.

In conclusion, we must complain of the tone of invective which the Chevalier Bunsen adopts against those who see his friend's defects in graver colours than he does. He writes:—

'Niebuhr's incomparable superiority to all the critics of modern times . . . had long been acknowledged; but the pure human greatness of his noble heart . . . has raised that esteem to personal attachment. . . . Well may we Germans term this joy a sorrowful one, when we turn our eyes to the *disgraceful* efforts of little-minded men, who, *humbled beneath the grave and piercing glance of genius, have fallen a prey to their own mean passions, and conspired with the disciples of impiety* to spy out the weak points of a great man *with malicious joy*, and use them with *Mephistophelian address*,' &c. &c.—vol. ii. p. 452.

To use vituperation and vehement assertion in place of argument is one of Niebuhr's marks of weakness. His friend will not mend the matter by repeating the offence; and we are sorry that such a paragraph should close the volume. In spite of Bunsen's rod, we must avow that a man who employs genius to strengthen tyranny, under pretence of a higher liberality, is a bad citizen; and a critic who uses dogmatism instead of argument is a bad teacher. He may suggest thought; we may even learn from his errors; yet there is a limit to reasonable panegyric on him.

ART. II.—*Women of Christianity, Exemplary for Acts of Piety and Charity.* By Julia Kavanagh. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE regions of fiction are peopled with heroes and heroines; and, captivated by the brilliant drapery of the marvellous, we have perhaps often suffered ourselves to become all but believers in the pictures of romance, and the exaggerations of poetry. There is an enchantment in their deeds and daring, a magic in their power over the mind, and a latent and lingering thought that the sphere of their activity is nobler than that of the every-day realities of our existence. We could almost defy the dullest individual to be entirely insensible to these representations. They touch some of the most sensitive parts of our mental constitution, and move us, whether we will or not, to tears or transports. It is true the impression in general is but temporary, and not very frequently followed by beneficial effects. With the volume we dismiss these tears and transports; and it is well we do, for they are not fitted to promote the practical purposes of life. It is the baser passions that are usually appealed to; or, if the calling forth of the better order of feelings is the professed aim, few who present these subjects to us have the skill or the principle to unfold the true ground of virtue, or to display the tender yet powerful tie that binds it to a pure religion.

To condemn all works of fiction or romance is, however, very far from our intention. This we could by no means do, for many reasons, especially for two; first, that the mind of man being endowed with various faculties, designed and adapted to promote his *enjoyment* as well as his *improvement*,—and there is a moral utility in the former as well as in the latter,—the imagination may claim its opportunities and indulgences as well as others, and, when restrained within proper limits, is surely entitled to its freehold of pleasure and possession. It was not bestowed, any more than powers of a different order, to be unemployed in connexion with them, or to be disused in its own independent range of operation; nay, its actions are important instruments of stimulating the other faculties, and of combining them into the highest manifestations of thought and genius. Without imagination, man would be a mere drowsy plodder on the great plain of being, devoid of aspirations, and endowed to little purpose even with the keenest sensibilities of his spiritual nature, for it is by this he penetrates the depths of truth and eternity. This mental energy, therefore, is bestowed by the Creator for the sublimest ends, and even in its

lowest exercises is capable of much good by a wise and careful cultivation. It is the abuse and not the use of this faculty that is to be deprecated ; and we therefore feel it to be no matter of conscience to renounce the ministrations of fable, allegory, and historical romance. We are certainly not prepared to burn our Æsops, and Shaksperes, and Walter Scotts, any more than we could consent to demolish our sofas and our summer-houses for bodily recreation.

The second reason why we could not repudiate fictitious productions of every class is, that we have scriptural authority for them. Although the specimens of this class of writing are few in the sacred books, and these of a brief and very pointed order—with one great exception, however, the Song of Solomon—the *principle* of such compositions is sufficiently recognised. But there is one peculiarity to be observed here, as the basis of all that is written, namely, that the aim is to communicate truth,—pure, unsophisticated, exalted truth. Embellishment is not the first or the last object ; it is simply the golden cup in which the divine hand presents the nectar of salvation. Still, as we do not condemn mere intellectual prowess in the pursuit of the exact sciences, or in the play of ratiocination or the flight of conjecture, because the holy volume does not teach mathematics or metaphysics, so neither do we decry those talented performances, the offspring of a vivid fancy, which have simple entertainment in view, when unsophisticated by error, and unvitiated by immorality of sentiment or tendency.

From the region of fancy it is grateful to descend, if we should not rather say *ascend*, to the region of fact, from shadows to realities, and from the heroes and heroines of romance to the men and women who have adorned human life. There is a romance, indeed, even in life itself ; and it is notorious that actual occurrences have been as remarkable, and real beings as extraordinary, as those which have figured in the world of imagination. The truth is, that what we call the creations of the imagination are only living beings a little transformed, and events a little modified or exaggerated, and brought into unusual combinations, so that the writer, like the painter of an ideal landscape, is only throwing into his sketches some stronger colours, or bringing into one view what is characteristic of many scenes,—true, in one sense, to nature, but blending with it the ideal.

But neither the ideal of fiction, nor the real of secular history, can rival those grand exhibitions of character which belong to Christianity. It is under this influence alone that human nature can attain its highest perfection, or produce a genuine assemblage of the pure and exalted virtues. Those which are

so called, and which appertain to an unsanctified humanity, are but shadows to the substance, or rather perhaps we might say the shapes and forms, which, like the imitative automaton, are wanting in the vital principle. 'A Christian is the highest style of man.' We admit the existence of splendid specimens of manhood, or womanhood, in the heathen world, and from these we cannot withhold our admiration; nevertheless, a broad line of distinction is to be drawn between what is noble and what is holy, between the product of earthly and heavenly principles, between the wild flowers of the heath and the fruits of the tree of life. Nature has its charms; but, whatever poets may say, Christianity alone has its graces. In elevating humanity in general, it has raised the female character in particular; first delivering it from slavish subjection, and then invigorating it with power and clothing it with beauty. The woman of the Christian religion is free born; she is the servant only of Christ, and the companion of man; the partner of his life; the sharer of his spiritual principles and privileges; the heir with him of an immortal inheritance. Christianity spoke, and the chains of her oppression fell off; she was captive and prostrate no more; she came forth from her degradation to participate the toils and sweeten the very joys of existence, to illuminate the domestic scene, to join the voice of praise in the sanctuary, and to mingle in the fellowships of devotion.

It is observable that the world has run into two great extremes respecting the proper treatment of women; nor could all the philosophy of the best ages of its history, or its wisest ages, discover the right course, or generate the right sentiments. The first extreme was that of treating woman as an inferior being, and reducing her to the condition of a slave; a slave to minister to the pleasures or do the bidding of man. She was not her own, but formed for him. His will was her law; and the despotism was not to be disputed. The ancient Egyptians decreed it to be indecent for women to go abroad without shoes, while they deprived them of the means of wearing them, by threatening with death any one who should make shoes for a woman. Odin excluded from his paradise all who did not, by some violent death, follow their deceased husbands. Homer and subsequent writers show that women were subjected to those restrictions which indicate their being regarded among the Greeks only as the property of men. Hence they were bought and sold, made to perform the most menial offices, and subjected to all the misery and degradation of concubinage. Before marriage, they were kept in entire seclusion, and after marriage were not only excluded from mixed society, but

prevented from having any knowledge of their husband's affairs. Even Xenophon declares there were few friends with whom he so seldom conversed as with his wife. The Athenians possessed the power of selling their children and sisters. Solon prohibited their taking eatables out of the houses of their husbands of more value than an obolus, or carrying a basket more than a cubit in length. The Romans required their wives to avoid inquisitiveness, and to speak only in the presence of their husbands. The ancient laws considered children as slaves, and women as children, who ought to remain in a state of perpetual tutelage. Wives had no right to make wills, nor durst they prefer any complaints against their husbands; and, according to Dionysius Halicarnensis, a husband could put his wife to death even for excess in wine. Whoever looks into the history of the various nations of Europe will find innumerable proofs of the moral degradation connected with the ill-treatment of women. Among all the Slavonian nations, wives and daughters have always been kept in seclusion; brides are purchased, and instantly become slaves. The lower classes are doomed to constant labour, and are compelled to submit to the utmost indignities. We need not advert particularly to notorious facts in relation to Russia, Turkey, and Greece; nor need we bring forward special evidences of what every one knows in general respecting the countries of Asia, the islands of the Southern Ocean, the aborigines of America, or the tribes of Africa. One vast wail of woe may be heard from distant ages echoing along these plains and shores.

The other extreme to which we referred betrays in some instances astonishing caprice, and withal super-eminent folly. It consists not in the enslavement, but in the adulation of woman. There is something really strange in the fact, that many of the Pagan nations, and even the enlightened Romans, while usually treating their women with oppressiveness, insult, and barbarity, frequently paid to the female sex the most extraordinary honours. Vacillating between contempt and worship, women were alternately degraded to slaves and raised to goddesses, showing that men had no fixed principles of moral action; or, perhaps, we should rather say they *had* a fixed principle—that of a base, ungenerous, and universal selfishness. The world has rung with the history of chivalry; but even that chivalry at once deified and degraded the sex. The very knights who bowed the knee, and traversed the earth to contest the point of beauty and virtue with sword and lance in hand, who swore to the cause of woman at their installation, and made them umpires at the public tournaments in which

they fought and bled for her smile, were neither faithful to their wives nor careful of their daughters. Their devotion was without love; it was simply a fashion and a folly.

What we are especially concerned to notice is the effect of these extremes of conduct upon character. What did slavery and chivalry, despotism and devotion, respectively make woman? The former undoubtedly debased the soul, prevented all noble aspirings, and subjected it to all the baser and meaner passions; the latter corrupted the whole heart, while it abused the understanding. Those who, with all their natural charms were possessed of common infirmities, being treated as goddesses, were only made fools, and in the excesses of vanity and passion lost the dignity of their nature. Nothing good or great, could be expected of them, both were prevented, by flattery, and generally being set up as idols, women became as senseless as their prototypes. Knowledge and true virtue were lost in the offerings of pride and low ambition. Chivalry, which had no love in it, did but adorn its victims like animals garlanded for the sacrifice.

All these considerations tend to show that genuine excellence can only be looked for under the influence of Christianity, while that influence alone is competent to produce it in its highest manifestations. Nothing else can form the social and spiritual being and the exalted heroine: nothing else can achieve a moral martyrdom, in which the grandeur of religion consists. We do not refer now to the power of voluntarily dying for the truth, to the glory which has not unfrequently distinguished the very weakest and most naturally timid even of the female sex, when going with unshrinking fortitude to the stake, but to a martyrdom still greater than this, because often purer in principle, and more continuous in action. Without any disparagement of those who have passed through the fiery ordeal with unflinching fortitude, it may be suspected that there was sometimes a mixture of worldly ambition, and that the thought of the million eyes which were upon them, both of friends and enemies, and anticipations of posthumous fame which seemed to culminate in the distance, urged them on, and that, by such an influence, the spirit might have been assisted to gather up its energies for the critical and awful moment—a suspicion which may well be generated by the view of that eagerness for martyrdom which was displayed by many of the early Christians, where submission only was requisite and more natural; without, however, we say, disparaging these exhibitions of character, which, with whatever interminglings of misconception or frailty, will be handed down as eternal monuments of true greatness, yet the daily, the

hourly self-sacrifices of a whole life, in all the domestic and social relations, combined with religion itself in the stricter sense of the word, exhibits a sublimer martyrdom still, which Christianity in its vital power alone can accomplish. In this—in the constant fulfilment of the duties and charities of life—in the power of principle over selfishness—in an activity of piety that asks no applause—that displays the purified affections—that subjugates the meaner passions—that aims at the good of others and the glory of God—that is full of gentleness, meekness, forgiveness, and charity—that soars to things above, and tramples on the world—we see what the religion of Jesus is, what it can do, and whither it tends.

It may be regarded as a rule, that practical religion surpasses the niceties of denominational distinctions, for it can co-exist with them all. It is not ecclesiastical but moral. It is neither Catholic nor Protestant church nor dissent. It is not the child of party, but of principle. Summarily, it may perhaps be comprehended in the two terms employed in the title-page of this volume—piety and charity; but then we must understand the latter term in a sense which includes far more than almsgiving, even in its widest and self-mortifying sense, to which it seems limited by our authoress; and it is necessary also to understand it as signifying that essence of religion which is more than what is usually affixed to the idea of *piety*. There has been a devotedness passing under this name in the solitude of the desert and the seclusion of the cloistered cell; and a faith without works assuming the same distinction, though in reality the mere nominalism of a creed, or the mere boasting of fanaticism. This is evidently the notion pervading the pages of Miss Kavanagh. But true piety is delight in the will and service of the Most High, as unfolded in the principles of the gospel of Christ; and true charity is the love of God; from whose conjoint influence flows the great stream of Christian benevolence and holy character. In commemorating the virtues which have rendered individuals illustrious in the eyes of mankind, and stamped their names upon the pages of history, we must be careful, therefore, to inquire into the origin of those imputed excellences which have made them great, and discriminate between false and true motives in religion. Passion and principle, superstition and religion, are surely distinguishable, and to separate in our estimate of character the pure gold from its adventitious adhesions, to clear the diamond from the baser matter with which it is encrusted, is worthy of the best efforts of those who dig into the mines of the past. Herein consists the essential defect of this production, whose specimens of

somewhat gaudy and glaring, not to say fantastic virtue, are chiefly taken from the middle ages and the records of a falsely based religion. The consequence is an almost identity of character running through long periods of time, and occupying similar positions in society. It was not needful, in avoiding sectarianism, to abandon this principle of discrimination; but, on the contrary, a judicious exercise of it, such as would have admitted faults and flaws in the very excellences celebrated, would at once have informed the mind and enlivened the narrative. In some instances, we are tempted to think that not only does not the authoress discern vices of character, but mistakes them for the reflections of virtue. We have marvellous mortifications; but we want genuine holiness, a flow of conduct that bespeaks a pure and heavenly spring—faith working by love.

The origin of that remarkable institution which has rendered the ‘Sisters of Charity’ so celebrated, is told with clearness, and though somewhat long, our readers will thank us for inserting it with brief omissions:—

‘A poor priest of humble parentage, but filled with the love and zeal of God, first began to devote his long life to the instruction of the poor, the reformation of the priesthood, and to the relief of human misery under every shape, from the innocent and forsaken child to the outcasts of society—galley slaves. This apostolic man, St. Vincent of Paul, one of the greatest saints of Christianity, was powerfully aided in all his enterprises by women of admirable charity. If they owed much to his spiritual guidance, he owed no less to their womanly tenderness and enthusiasm. He made himself the advocate of foundlings, and great ladies pledged their family plate to give those forsaken creatures a home. He asked “for servants for the poor,” and peasant girls answered the appeal; and under that humble name became the first “sisters of charity.”

‘This admirable order began very simply. Vincent never proceeded from foregone conclusions, or fixed designs: he took things as he found them, and made the commonest events the germ of his greatest achievements. While he was at Chatillon, in Bresse, in the year 1617, a lady requested him to recommend to the charity of his congregation a poor family, lying ill in a farm without the town. He did so, but the effect surpassed his desire: he perceived that the sick family had received too much at once, and would probably fall back into their former state ere long; when, pity being exhausted, no one would care for them. This inconvenience, which always attends ill-regulated charity, induced him to establish a sisterhood of prudent and charitable ladies, willing to devote a portion of their time and substance to the task of visiting and relieving the poor. He found many such, and drew up a few simple regulations for their use. This sisterhood proved most beneficial, and spread all over France. When Vincent returned to Paris, and found himself engaged in other far more important labours, he felt the want of a zealous and intelligent person to whom he could confide the difficult

task of visiting the various places where the sisterhood had been established, and of seeing that the members remained faithful to the spirit of their institute. Such a person he found in Mademoiselle Legras, a wealthy widow, who, through the influence of a friend, obtained his counsel as her confessor; for in that age of directors, when the excess of priestly influence finally justified the "Tartuffe" of Molière, Vincent of Paul showed a most determined aversion to the delicate task of directing the conscience of great ladies. The exception which he made in favour of Mademoiselle Legras proved the source of infinite good.

* * * * *

'In the year 1627, Vincent proposed to Mademoiselle Legras to visit the charitable sisterhoods which he had established in the country. She eagerly consented, and, accompanied by several ladies of equal zeal and piety, she undertook every summer a task which her delicate health rendered extremely fatiguing. . . . The good she thus accomplished was surprising: everywhere her arrival was hailed as a blessing; and when she left, whole towns and villages followed her with benedictions and regrets. She spent the winter in Paris, and was then as eager in the practice of good deeds, as if the summer had been devoted to pleasure. Vincent was often obliged to moderate her zeal, and to conjure her to spare her health. Her heroic ardour shrank from nothing: she once attended on a sick girl lying ill with the plague, and issued unharmed from the trial.

'Seventeen years had elapsed since the establishment of the first sisterhood in Chatillon, when Vincent perceived with regret that these charitable associations were no longer animated by their original spirit. The greatest ladies in France had indeed become members; some through piety, some because it was the fashion; but they did more harm than good. The husbands of these ladies objected to have their wives exposed to the danger of breathing impure air, and of bringing home the contagion of disease; their own zeal flagged; they hired servants to fill their places; the sick were neglected; and the sisterhood, in Paris especially, daily declined. Vincent thought the mischief lay in the choice of the servants. He reflected that many poor and pious girls, who wished not to marry, and yet were too poor to enter convents, might, for the love of God, far more than for the sake of salary, undertake to attend on the sick poor, and gladly fill the places left vacant by the caprice and repugnance of wealthier ladies. The plan was tried, but answered indifferently. Those "servants of the poor," as they were called, were often unsuited to their task: above all, they wanted the unity which springs from a common spirit, and gives association its mighty power. Still Vincent was not discouraged. In the year 1633, he found three or four girls whose solid piety promised well. He placed them under the guidance of Mademoiselle Legras, who kept them for some time in her house, and then sent them forth on their arduous labours. Their modesty and zeal, the purity of their life, the fervour of their piety, edified the parishes to which they had been sent. Their numbers increased rapidly. Vincent still gave them their original name: the people called them "sisters of charity." St. Vincent of Paul had never thought of founding a religious order; but

when he saw that the thing was in some sort done, that the new order had won both the faith and the affections of the people, he sought to establish it on a secure foundation, and favoured its increase. Mademoiselle Legras and her disciples took the vows, which sanctified their duties, but could scarcely add to the ardent zeal with which they fulfilled them.' —pp. 183-188.

The chief portion of the work before us is divided into four periods, after an Introduction respecting the early martyrs, the virgins and widows of the primitive church, and a sketch of the rapid progress of the faith. The first period embraces the Roman Empire; the second the middle ages; the third, the seventeenth century; the fourth, the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In the latter, Hannah More and Elizabeth Fry shine with pre-eminent lustre. Their biographies are condensed from the larger works, so as to retain the most important features of their lives and characters. We rejoice to meet them anywhere, but we should have been better pleased to have seen them in a company more free from false ideas of the nature and claims of Christianity. The concluding sentences respecting Mrs. Fry present a correct and impressive portraiture:—

'All that was mortal of Elizabeth Fry now rests by the side of her little child in the Friends' burying-ground at Barking; but her name, her deeds, her spirit, are with us still. Who shall estimate not only the good which she did, but that to which her example led? How noble, how generous, was the use she made of the personal beauty, exquisite voice, ready eloquence, and many talents with which she was gifted! The extremes which met in her character gave her greater power. Timid, daring, prudent, enthusiastic, practical, equally alive to the beautiful and to the humorous, Elizabeth Fry was eminently fitted for her task. She possessed an insight into character and a power of control which enabled her to influence almost every one who came within her sphere.

'This was not simply the result of her earnestness; for others as earnest have failed; but of exquisite tact and judgment. In the year 1835 she chanced to visit the penitentiary at Portsea. The inmates were assembled in the parlour when Mrs. Fry entered it; two were pointed out to her as peculiarly refractory and hardened. Of this she took no notice; she sat down and addressed a general exhortation to all. When it was concluded, she rose to depart, and, going up to these two, she held out her hand to each of them, saying, in her simple Quaker speech, "I trust I shall hear better things of thee." The manner, the tone, had a power more deep than admonition or reproach; they both burst into tears.

This same tact guided her in everything, and made her feel at home everywhere. She was as much at her ease in the palaces of kings, amongst the courtly and the polished of foreign lands, before committees and public assemblies, as in the humblest meeting held in a stocking-

weaver's room, with homely "Friends sitting on the stocking-loom for want of chairs," and the mistress of the place "getting up during the meeting to attend to dressing the dinner."

'But however much Mrs. Fry owed to her natural endowments, to penetration, tact, and eloquence, "to the silver tones of her voice, and the majestic mien with which she delivered the message of God,"* we do not mean to say that there lay the secret of her power. We think we can trace it more surely in the confession which she made to a friend during her last illness. "Since my heart was touched at seventeen years old, I believe I never have awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first thought being, how best I might serve my Lord."—pp. 442-444.

The volume, though somewhat attractive in the style of its composition, contains Romanish errors, and many things not at all to our taste. The term *saint*, so prevalent in the Roman-catholic church, to designate persons regarded as pre-eminent in piety, sounds very strangely but significantly in its continual application. It is, indeed, a word employed in the New Testament in a collective sense, as descriptive of communities or of the peculiar people of God, but is not used to elevate one above another. It is not a term of classification *within* the church, but of distinction as between the church and the world. There are too many instances, also, of what may be called an exaggerated, we will not exactly say a spurious, charity. Our notions of the duties of religion do not extend so far—and we thus repeat what we have already intimated in part—as to applaud as the noblest exhibitions of its spirit, a boundless and indiscriminating almsgiving, an ambition to sacrifice parental or filial obligations at the shrine of a wild enthusiasm, a zeal to trample on the proprieties of life, or to court the face of danger, by kissing the leper and making him a bed-fellow, and incurring self-ruin by a prodigal expenditure. We do not believe that the religion of Jesus is best exhibited in this romance of charity; and there may be more of pride than piety in it. Not that we utterly condemn all extraordinary manifestations of character in this respect, though we fear that the merit of good-works is too frequently a predominating sentiment, even in some Protestant communities. What Christianity requires is, that all the virtues should exist in proportion and in harmony *with* its principles.

* Memoirs of W. Allen, p. 462.

ART. III.—*Memoirs of Sarah Margaret Fuller, Marchesa Ossoli.* Edited by Ralph Waldo Emerson and W. H. Channing. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1852.

ANY one who runs his eye over the monthly catalogue of a London bookseller will find ample proof of an intellectual activity among our Transatlantic brethren, which bids fair to rival, what seems among ourselves to give a pretty full illustration of the proverb, that of making books there is no end. English literature—or, if the term is not sufficiently distinctive, the literature of the English language—has received not a few note-worthy contributions from America within the last few years, and, engrossed as we are with the constant and constantly increasing product of the home book-market, we may, perhaps, be charged by those who have begun to avail themselves of it more regularly, with something like a culpable neglect of their claims. Never were the most prominent contributors to American literature so well known in this country as they now are; never, perhaps, were they so well entitled to notice, except when Cooper and Washington Irving were producing their best works, and then it was scarcely possible for fictions on a novel series of subjects, and published, too, in this country, to escape attention. While these two names have now come to be regarded as familiarly as those of the most popular of our own novelists and essayists, and have been classed, indeed, with the best of them, five years have scarcely elapsed since others who are now in the front rank of their many successors—the most successful and best known among their countrymen—began to be known even to the critical portion of readers among ourselves. The only novelists besides Cooper, whose names were previously familiar to us were Brockden Brown, Dr. Bird, Kennedy, and Ward, and at least three of these may almost be said to belong to the last generation. A much more vigorous, and original class of writers has arisen within the last ten years, and with these, although they have all reached the zenith of their fame at home, we are only beginning to form an acquaintance. Every facility is afforded us for doing so. An American book worth knowing cannot now be many weeks published ere we have it reproduced for us, and placed upon our tables in one or other of the forms which the cheap publication movement is taking. Those who are acquainted to any considerable degree with American literature as it is now introduced to us by Messrs. Wiley and Putnam, Mr. John Chapman, or Mr. Bohn, can scarcely fail to have been struck with the

intellectual activity of the female sex as evinced in the varied character of its contributions to the long lists of American works which these publishers so frequently bring under our notice. To our mind, it constitutes rather a remarkable feature in the civilization of the New World that the number of literary women of note is considerably greater in America than it is among ourselves. True we do not find a Mrs. Somerville, a Joanna Bailie, nor even a Harriet Martineau among them, but in poetry, fiction, and criticism, as well as in the weightier forms of literature, there are many names which deserve to be ranked among the highest of our female writers—names as distinguished, perhaps, as any of those of the living writers of the other sex in America. Some of them have done good service to womanhood throughout the world by eloquent and judicious counsels, which amply compensate for the aberrations of Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, while others, of whom we need only mention Mrs. Sigourney, Alice Carey, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Kirkland (the discreet and amusing ‘Mary Clavers’), and Mrs. Osgood, have given works which will bear comparison with any in English literature of the classes to which they belong.

Few American writers of either sex are better known in this country than Margaret Fuller, Marchesa d'Ossoli, and certainly few have done so little to be known out of a mere local circle. It may be presumed, however, from the fact of a writer so well known as Ralph Waldo Emerson coming before the world as her biographer, that her character and her life had some features of interest to more than the friends among whom the most active part of her brief career was spent. Our Transatlantic brethren have a *penchant* for magnifying the merits of mere local celebrities; but from what we already know of Mr. Emerson, it may be inferred, we think, that he would scarcely consent to rank among the trumpeters of a Jefferson Brick. The three volumes in which he and Mr. Channing (the nephew and biographer of the celebrated Unitarian preacher and writer,) have given us a record of the remarkable life of their countrywoman Margaret Fuller, will be read, we believe, with great interest, even by those who have hitherto known little or nothing of the subject. The work may, indeed, be considered as, in some sense, a tribute due by Mr. Emerson to one of his most devoted disciples, and we have only to regret that a departure from his ordinary subjects of discourse has been so little of a departure from the hazy style in which he has been accustomed to present such subjects to his readers. There is so little of what we desiderate in a biography to be found in his share of the work, that we are disposed to consider his efforts to make some com-

compensation for the admiring criticisms of Margaret Fuller as in the main abortive, so far, at least, as the reader's interest in the book is concerned. The narrative of a life so full of incident, and the gossip with which it is spiced, must, nevertheless, be interesting, despite of Mr. Emerson's heavy and obscure commentaries; and, regarding the letters and the journal as the best parts of the book, we propose in the outline which we are about to give, to let the accomplished, and in many respects remarkable woman who forms the subject of it, speak for herself. That her lips were closed in death when one of the most interesting periods of her brief existence had just closed, must be deeply deplored by all who knew anything of her energetic temperament, her lively sympathies, and her strong, though but partially developed mind. Much that would now have been valuable, perished with her in the remorseless sea, and in considering her life and labours we feel that we must speak of both as merely indicating what might have been, that we are not tracing the career of a successful writer, but the existence of a remarkable woman, spoiled in a great measure by early training, and taken from the world just when she was beginning to see her true position, and to be emancipated by her experiences from the cold philosophy of those among whom not a little of her life was spent.

Margaret Fuller was born at Cambridge in Massachusetts, in the year 1810. Her father, a lawyer, and for some time a member of Congress, ultimately retired to a farm in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, and divided his attention between the prosecution of agricultural improvements, and the education of his family. His ideas in regard to the latter were, unfortunately, peculiar; and Margaret, the most promising of his children, was unhappily destined to become the victim of an ill-judged attempt to make a prodigy of her, and to fill up the time which ought to have been spent in the sports of youth with Latin verses, philosophy, history, and science. At an age when ordinary children are usually employed in mimicking the serious drama of their future years with the Dutch doll and its tiny wardrobe, poor Margaret was forced to sit with aching head and weary eyes, poring over some musty tome, the leaves of which too soon began to impart their yellow shade to her tender cheek. The details she gives us of this period are painfully suggestive of the misery arising from an unnatural tampering with the growth of the human plant. She looked back upon these days of premature mental excitement and nights of horrible dreams and spectral illusions, the consequences of that excitement, with a kind of shrinking terror, deploring in a tone of affecting pathos that she had no natural childhood. We read this passage of the book before us with pain, and with a feeling of apprehension lest in our educational

zeal we forget that something must be left to nature, and that, in our eagerness to diffuse the blessings of intellectual culture, we render these worse than useless by neglecting the development of the real germ of all sound manhood and womanhood. The history of Margaret Fuller's youthful years is that of all who have been the victims of such mistaken views of education. A spirit naturally lively and buoyant was crushed beneath the weight thus laid upon it, and the effect of a departure from the path of nature in her childhood was but too obvious in the oddities and sentimentalities of her opening womanhood. By far too large a portion of the book is taken up with the record of this poetical and eccentric period of her life. Here and there we have glimpses of what she was afterwards to become—indications of a strong and subtle mind, struggling out from among the sickly rhapsodies and outpourings of a not very characteristic enthusiasm, which fill page after page; but we have too much of this. The only object which such a picture can serve is that of instruction and warning, and the lessons could have been given in a third of the space. Mr. Emerson and his associate in the work have obviously thought, however, that they were called upon to give to the world all that they respectively knew of Margaret Fuller; and with very little order or systematic arrangement they each take up the narrative when the subject of it was nearest themselves, and most frequently in their society. Thus Mr. Emerson describes, in his own style, her first visit to Concord, and the share he had in directing her to the proper objects of study, referring with something like a sneer to her 'raptures about scenery, and her attempts to describe its varying aspects,' while Mr. Channing contributes his share of the biography just as he has had opportunities of gathering materials for it.

We do not consider it necessary to follow Margaret Fuller through the changes in her early life. Except occasional criticisms to be found in her journals, letters to her friends, and sketches of certain small celebrities to be met with in the society into which her talents introduced her, there is little that can be interesting to the general reader in the first part of the book. Suffice it to say, that at the time the young authoress (for she had already become known by her contributions to sundry periodicals) was contemplating a journey to Europe, her father died, leaving his family in circumstances somewhat different from those in which they had previously lived. Margaret met this reverse of fortune with a composure which sufficiently indicated her strength of mind, and at once set herself to provide for the wants of her family by literary labours and by teaching. In 1843 she made

a journey to Lake Superior and Michigan, and afterwards published her impressions of the scenery, and a narrative of the incidents in her travels in a work entitled, 'Summer on the Lakes.' Besides this she translated 'Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe,' and the 'Letters of Gunderode and Bettine,' the latter unquestionably the best of the three translations now known to the public. For two years she conducted an Emersonian periodical, entitled 'The Dial,' contributing to it some of her best essays, afterwards published under the titles of 'Papers on Literature and Art,' and 'Woman in the Nineteenth Century,' both favourably known in this country. Of her other literary undertakings the most noteworthy were the articles that appeared in 'The Tribune,' which she assisted for some time in conducting.

The highest estimate which can be taken of Margaret Fuller's writings will not place them above the staple of periodical contributions. Her style, though often forcible, is rough and irregular; and although her essays abound with evidences of a well-stored mind, many of them are marked by the obscurity and the turgidity which characterize the works of those with whom she was so closely associated in her literary undertakings, and with whom she so thoroughly sympathized. As a conversationalist she has had few equals. It was well said by one of her own countrymen, that Margaret Fuller combined with the natural loquaciousness of her sex, the affluence of a highly cultivated mind, and the vigour of an imagination which the reader of her works knows nothing of, and can scarcely imagine. In the literary circles of America she was chiefly known as a wonderful talker; and Mr. Emerson gives a long account of her conversational gifts describing the style of her monologues with a good deal of candour. To a stranger she appeared overbearing, and might almost be said to be disagreeable. Our own recollection of her manner, as it at first impressed us, is by no means pleasing. There was a show of knowledge in all she said, and a vaunting of experience which seemed almost to contradict itself. The abruptness and cynicism soon gave way, however, before the warmth and fulness of her sympathies, as, in the felicitous language of her biographer, she 'made green again the wastes of commonplace.' The originality and the richness of her eloquence are brought back to us by many passages from her diaries given in these volumes, and we recal with a feeling of melancholy pleasure the occasion of our last meeting with her. It was at the house of one who, differing widely from her and all her sympathizers on many important subjects, yet prized her society, and that of those whose earnestness and intellectual vigour are suffi-

ciently known to the world. Let the reader imagine a select circle in which a lady of by no means prepossessing exterior, but who at once strikes you as being no ordinary person; a sad-visaged man, with melancholy yet often fiery eyes, and another, of a rougher but still remarkable aspect, are the principal objects of interest. The state of Italy—the emancipation of Italy—is the theme of conversation. With a sweep of speech worthy of such a theme does that large-brained and large-hearted woman discourse on the traditionary glories and the republican instincts of the Italian people. Herself a republican, she gathers up from all the epochs of their history great memories with which to magnify the principle, and to strengthen her argument for its modern application. The dark eye of her silent Italian listener glows as he hears his own ideas expressed thus eloquently by such lips; and ere many weeks are over, he gives to the world a grand and striking illustration of their truth which, but for the perfidy of a sister republic, would have gone far to secure for Italy her proper place among the nations and to have changed the face of Europe. But to return to the narrative.

In the summer of 1846, Margaret Fuller came to Europe, and in her letters to her friends at home, we have lively accounts of her travels, and of the remarkable personages to whom she was introduced, and in whose society she frequently mingled while in this country and in France. There are notices of visits to Wordsworth, Joanna Bailie, De Quincy, Carlyle, and others, interspersed with graphic descriptions of the scenery through which she passed, and her impressions of English and French society. Her studies, and her literary friendships at home, had made her an admirer of Carlyle; but that her admiration was not altogether indiscriminating, we gather from some observations upon one of his books which occur in a letter to Mr. Emerson, and the justice of which must appear obvious to all who have read the more recent works of the Chelsea Cynic. ‘Carlyle’s book,’ she says, ‘I have read, it has no valuable doctrine in it except the Goethean,—*Do to-day the nearest duty*. He ends as he began. Everything is bad. You are fools and hypocrites, or you would make it better.’ We are not sure that the spirit of Carlyle’s writings could have been better expressed. Though a sympathizer with him in many of his ideas, some of the very worst of them, perhaps, Margaret Fuller’s heart was still too much of a woman’s heart, and her charity too broad and lively to admit of her giving her assent to such doctrines as those of the ‘Latter Day Pamphlets,’ which were then appearing. She regarded him, not without reason, as the chief exponent of a new dynasty of

thought: and yet the accounts she gives of her interviews with him, indicate that she felt such thought to be but a sad and sorry thing for the world after all. One sketch she gives shows the modern Diogenes in rather an unamiable light; but it is, perhaps, the most truthful record that could be given of his style of conversation, and his prevailing mood of mind, although it is introduced by one more warmly coloured.

'I was quite carried away,' she writes, 'with the rich flow of his discourse, and the hearty, noble earnestness of his personal being brought back the charm which once was upon his writing before I wearied of it. I admired his Scotch, his way of singing his great full sentences, so that each one was like the stanza of a narrative ballad. He let me talk now and then enough to free my lungs and change my position, so that I did not get tired. That evening, he talked of the present state of things in England, giving light witty sketches of the men of the day, fanatics and others, and some sweet homely stories he told of things he had known of the Scotch peasantry; of you he spoke with hearty kindness; and he told, with beautiful feeling, a story of some poor farmer or artizan in the country, who on Sundays lays aside the cark and care of that dirty English world, and sits reading the essays and looking upon the sea. I left him that night, intending to go out very often to their house. I assure you there was never anything so witty as Carlyle's description of —. It was enough to kill one with laughing. I, on my side, contributed a story to his fund of anecdote on this subject, and it was fully appreciated. Carlyle is worth a thousand of you for that; he is not ashamed to laugh when he is amused, but goes on in a cordial human fashion. The second time Mr. C. had a dinner party, at which was a witty, French, flippant sort of man, author of a history of philosophy, and now writing a life of Goethe, a task for which he must be as unfit as irreligion and sparkling shallowness can make him. But he told stories admirably, and was allowed sometimes to interrupt Carlyle a little, of which one was glad, for that night he was in more acrid mood, and, though much more brilliant than on the former evening, grew wearisome to me, who disclaimed and rejected everything he said. For a couple of hours he was talking about poetry; and the whole harangue was one eloquent proclamation of the defects in his own mind. Tennyson wrote in verse because the schoolmasters had taught him that it was great to do so, and has thus, unfortunately, been turned from the true path for a man. Burns had, in like manner, turned from his vocation. Shakspeare had not had the good sense to see that it would have been better to write straight on in prose, and such nonsense, which, though amusing enough at first, he ran to death after a while. The most amusing part is always when he comes back to some refrain, as in the French Revolution of the *sea-green*. In this instance it was Petrarch and Laura, the last word pronounced with his ineffable sarcasm of drawl. Although he said this over fifty times, I could not ever help laughing when Laura would come, Carlyle running his chin out when he spoke it, and his eyes glancing till they looked like the eyes and beak of a bird of prey. Poor Laura! Lucky for her that her poet had already got her safely canonized beyond the reach of this Teufelsdröckh vulture. The worst of hearing Carlyle is, that you cannot interrupt him.

I understand the habit and power of haranguing have increased very much upon him, so that you are a perfect prisoner when he has once got hold of you. To interrupt him is a physical impossibility. If you get a chance to remonstrate for a moment, he raises his voice and bears you down.'—pp. 97-9.

After visiting Scotland, losing herself for nearly a whole night among the mist on Ben Lomond, making the acquaintance of Dr. Chalmers, David Scott the painter, and others, Margaret returned to London, and from thence set out for Paris, where she visited George Sand, of whom she gives the following graphic and characteristic account:—

'I have seen George Sand—Madame Sand, as the Parisians call her. I called upon her yesterday. The servant who admitted me was in the picturesque costume of a peasant, and, as Madame Sand afterwards told me, her god-daughter, whom she had brought from her province. She announced me as '*Madame Saleze*,' and returned into the ante-room to tell me, "*Madame says she does not know you.*" I began to think I was doomed to the rebuff among the crowd who deserve it. However, to make assurance sure, I said, 'Ask if she has not received a letter from me.' As I spoke Madame Sand opened the door, and stood looking at me an instant. Our eyes met. I never shall forget her look at that moment. The doorway made a frame for her figure. She is large, but well formed. She was dressed in a robe of dark violet silk, with a black mantle on her shoulders, her beautiful hair dressed with the greatest taste; her whole appearance and attitude, in its simple and lady-like dignity, presented an almost ludicrous contrast to the vulgar caricature idea of George Sand. Her face is a very little like the portraits, but much finer; the upper part of the forehead and eyes are beautiful, the lower strong and masculine, expressive of a hardy temperament and strong passions, but not in the least coarse; the complexion olive, and the air of the whole head Spanish (as, indeed, she was born at Madrid, and is only on one side of French blood.) All these details I saw at a glance; but what fixed my attention was the expression of *goodness*, nobleness, and power, that pervaded the whole—the truly human heart and nature that shone in the eyes. As our eyes met, she said, '*C'est vous*,' and held out her hand. I took it, and went into her little study. We sat down a moment; then I said, '*Il me fait du bien de vous voir.*' . . . She looked away, and said, '*Ah! vous m'avez écrit une lettre charmante.*' This was all the preliminary of our talk, which then went on as if we had always known one another.'—pp. 112-113.

Having visited most of the interesting scenes in the South of Europe, Margaret Fuller arrived at Rome in the Spring of 1848. She continued to reside there, making occasional journeys to Florence, Milan, &c., during the whole of the recent revolutionary epoch of European history, and was intimately connected with the gallant defenders of Italian liberty. She saw the beginning of the movement which terminated in the flight of the pope and the proclamation of the Italian Republic; and her warm friendship with the soul of the Italian struggle, Joseph Mazzini, while in London, led her into the very centre

of the movement of which it was the result. Ties of a tender personal kind conspired with political sympathies to bind her to the Roman cause. In circumstances of a somewhat commonplace character, while waiting for a carriage, in fact, to convey her from St. Peter's to her lodging in the Corso, she met a stranger, the young Marquis Ossoli, destined to be her future husband. The chance meeting led to many interviews, and an offer of marriage followed. The offer was declined for the time, and Margaret set out with some American friends for Venice and Milan. She soon afterwards returned to Rome, however, and was married to Ossoli. For family reasons, the chief of which was the risk which her husband had incurred through his union with a Protestant, of losing his property in Italy, the marriage was for a time concealed. Inspired by the enthusiasm of his wife, Ossoli enrolled himself on the side of Roman liberty, and was actively engaged in the brief but glorious struggle, taking his station with his men on the walls of the Vatican during the protracted siege of the Eternal City, while Margaret laboured day and night as assistant to the Princess Belgioso in the hospitals for the wounded. Writing to Mr. Emerson amid the terrible days of the bombardment, she again and again refers to the heroism and the wisdom of Mazzini. 'There is one,' she apostrophises, 'who understands thee, Mazzini—who knew thee no less when an object of fear than of idolatry; and who, if the pen be not held too feebly, will help posterity to know thee better.' Those who do not know enough of the brave Italian exile have cause to deplore that the record of his career in Rome, which that pen had prepared, perished with the large-hearted woman who used it so vigorously, and that the only account of her experiences during the brief days of the republic, as well as her opinions on the subject of Italian liberty—a subject as momentous now as ever it was—is to be found in the hurried but eloquent and glowing epistles published in the volumes before us.

All Margaret's hopes fell with the hopes of Italy; and fully did she share in the sorrows and privations of those whom the re-fastening of the chain upon their stricken country had driven once more into exile. When the French were entering Rome, 'the good lady,' as the bleeding soldiers whom she had tended so gently were accustomed to call her, sat with Mazzini in the upper chamber of a private house to watch the scene beneath. 'The triumvir had passed many nights without sleep,' she writes; 'in two short months he had grown old; all the vital juices seemed exhausted; his eyes were all bloodshot; his hair was mixed with grey: but he had never quailed; had protested in the last hour against surrender; great and calm, but full of a more fiery purpose than ever.' And now, while

she is thus writing about others, came the crowd of poor Margaret's own sorrows. Ossoli, whose brothers were officers of rank in the Papal service, had renounced all his worldly prospects for the liberal cause, and had been so far compromised as to be forced to seek his personal safety by flight. Alone, deprived of her child, too, her little boy Angelo, and racked by a thousand fears for his safety and that of her husband, Margaret writes to her mother and her friends at home the whole history of her secret marriage and her sufferings:—

‘My husband,’ she says, ‘is a Roman, of a noble but now impoverished house. His mother died when he was an infant; his father is dead since we met, leaving some property, but encumbered with debts, and in the present state of Rome hardly available except by living there. . . . He is not, in any respect, such a person as people in general would expect to find with me. He had no instructor except an old priest, who entirely neglected his education; and of all that is contained in books he is absolutely ignorant; and he has no enthusiasm of character. On the other hand, he has excellent practical sense; has been a judicious observer of all that has passed before his eyes; has a nice sense of duty, which, in its unfailing, minute activity, may put most enthusiasts to shame; a very sweet temper, and great native refinement. His love for me has been unswerving and most tender. I have never suffered a pain that he could relieve. His devotion, when I am ill, is only to be compared with yours. His delicacy in trifles, his sweet domestic graces, remind me of E—. In him I have found a home, and one that interferes with no tie. Amid many ills and cares, we have had much joy together; in the sympathy with natural beauty—with our child—with all that is innocent and sweet. I do not know whether he will always love me so well, for I am the elder, and the difference will become in a few years more perceptible than now. But life is so uncertain, and it is so necessary to take good things with their limitations, that I have not thought it worth while to calculate too curiously.’—p. 225.

There is something peculiarly touching in the lines with which she closes this letter to her only parent. ‘Write the name of my child,’ she says, ‘in your Bible—Angelo Ossoli, *born* 5th September, 1848. God grant he may live to see you, and may prove worthy of your love.’ An allwise Providence had otherwise decreed. After a sojourn at Rieti and at Florence, quiet, tranquil, and happy, even amid poverty and the remembrance of shattered hopes, rendered memorable, too, by acts of kindness and benevolence, Margaret, with her husband and the little Nino, set out for the home of her youth, now her only home. The chapter in which Mr. Emerson opens for us the ‘last scene of all, that ends this sad, eventful history,’ is one of touching interest. It was the spring in Italy. ‘Spring, bright prophet of God’s eternal youth, herald ever eloquent of heaven’s undying joy, had once more wrought its

miracle of resurrection on the vineyards and olive-groves of Tuscany, and touched with gently-wakening fingers the myrtle and the orange in the gardens of Florence.' 'I am homesick,' Margaret had written years before, but where is that home? The sad family took ship with many misgivings. An Italian fortune-teller had warned Margaret to 'beware of the sea,' and the voyage was undertaken with many presentiments of danger. It was disastrous from the very outset. The captain died on the voyage, and the mate either mistook his reckonings, or was bewildered by the currents that disturbed the ship's course. The little Angelo was seized with severe illness, and all grew dark around them. Again it brightened; the child recovered, but only to share the melancholy fate of his father and mother. The vessel struck upon the beach near Long Island, while the passengers were in bed. They were brought on deck with much difficulty. The captain's widow and some of the crew were saved by planks and by swimming. Still no effort was made to save the others by those who had collected on the beach, eagerly looking out for, and carrying off, the valuables which were washed ashore.

'Now came Margaret's turn. But she steadily refused to be separated from Ossoli and Angelo. On a raft with them, she would boldly have encountered the surf, but alone she would not go. Probably she had appeared to assent to the plan for escaping upon the planks, with the view of inducing Mrs. Hasty to trust herself to the care of the best man on board; very possibly, also, she had never learned the result of their attempt, as, seated within the fore-castle, she could not see the beach. She knew, too, that if a life-boat could be sent, Davis was one who would neglect no effort to expedite its coming. While she was yet declining all persuasions, word was given from the deck that the life-boat had finally appeared. For a moment the news lighted up again the flickering fire of hope. They might yet be saved—be saved together! Alas! to the experienced eyes of the sailors it too soon became evident that there was no attempt to launch or man her. The last chance of aid from shore, then, was gone utterly. They must rely on their own strength, or perish; and if ever they were to escape the time had come; for at noon the storm had somewhat lulled; but already the tide had turned, and it was plain that the wreck could not hold together through another flood. In this emergency, the commanding-officer, who until now had remained at his post, once more appealed to Margaret to try to escape—urging that the ship would inevitably break up soon; that it was mere suicide to remain longer; that he did not feel free to sacrifice the lives of the crew, or to throw away his own; finally, that he would himself take Angelo, and that the sailors should go with Celeste, (a maid-servant,) Ossoli, and herself. But, as before, Margaret decisively declared that she would not be parted from her husband or her child. The order was then given to 'save themselves:' and all but four of the crew jumped over, several of whom, together with the commander, reached shore alive, though severely bruised and

wounded by the drifting fragments. . . . Of the four seamen who still stood by the passengers, three were as efficient as any among the crew of the *Elizabeth*; these were the steward, carpenter, and cook; the fourth was an old sailor, who, broken down by hardship and sickness, was going home to die. These men were once again persuading Margaret, Ossoli, and Celeste, to try the planks which they held ready in the lee of the ship, and the steward, by whom Nino was so much beloved, had just taken the little fellow in his arms with the pledge, that he would save him or die, when a sea struck the forecastle; and the foremast fell, carrying with it the deck and all upon it. The steward and Angelo were washed upon the beach both dead, though warm, some twenty minutes after. The cook and the carpenter were thrown far upon the foremast, and saved themselves by swimming. Celeste and Ossoli caught for a moment by the rigging, but the next wave swallowed them up. Margaret sank at once. When last seen, she had been seated at the foot of the foremast, still clad in her white night-dress, with her hair fallen loose upon her shoulders. It was over; that twelve hours' communion face to face with death! It was over; and the prayer was granted, "that Ossoli, Angelo, and I, may go together, and that the anguish may be brief."—pp. 329-330.

Thus perished one whose gifts and acquirements might have shed a lustre around her name, and contributed worthily to the honour of her country by raising the character of its literature. America has much to regret in the early death of Margaret Fuller. Undeveloped as her intellect in its natural tone may be said to have been, it was sufficiently obvious that there was that in it which is no every-day product. What she has left us in her literary labours was but a promise; her life-labour—her enthusiasm—her high-hearted devotion to truth and nobleness—the strength of character which is born of suffering, was more. If ever there was an earnest liver upon this earth it was Margaret Fuller, notwithstanding all that dreary deadening cramming in her childhood, and that speculative vagueness—that Emersonianism into which she was afterwards dragged. Her large true heart was ever reaching above and struggling to get beyond these, and that her rough share in the battle of life would have enabled her to fight up to a position beyond them, we have no doubt whatever. 'Too soon, too soon was she called from the field,' say we in our blindness; but it was not too soon, for God's voice called her. It is not for us to pierce the veil of the mysterious future. Yet, in our honest admiration of such rare abilities and energy, we look with sad regret on the poor preparation which Emersonianism affords for either the struggles of life or the issues of death, while it turns away with irreverent scorn from Him who has 'brought life and immortality to light.'

ART. IV.— *The Rhododendrons of Sikkim Himalaya; being an Account, Botanical and Geographical, of the Rhododendrons recently discovered in the Mountains of Eastern Himalaya, from Drawings and Descriptions made on the spot, during a Government Botanical Mission to that Country.* By Joseph Dalton Hooker, R.N., M.D., F.R.S., F.L.S., &c. Edited by Sir W. J. Hooker, K.H., D.C.L., F.R.S., F.L.S., &c., Vice-President of the Linnæan Society, and Director of the Royal Gardens of Kew. In three Parts. London: Reeve and Benham. 1850 and 1851.

ORNAMENTAL GARDENING may be justly regarded as one of the most important of the 'fine arts,' one which exercises a benign influence on the mind and morals in all ranks of life, and in every condition of society, and, moreover, one which tends more than any other to lead to a love of nature, and to a contemplation of the interesting and beautiful phenomena presented to notice in the world around us. It is therefore desirable, that we should occasionally devote a page or two to note the progress of a pursuit, which (to the happiness of our land) has become a *national* amusement; and it gives us peculiar satisfaction to introduce to our readers' notice, at the present time, a contribution to the literature of gardening so decidedly important as Dr. Hooker's magnificent work on the 'Rhododendrons of Sikkim Himalaya.' The discoveries which it is its purpose to detail have been the 'topic of the day' amongst horticulturists of all ranks for more than twelve months, and the recent publication of the concluding part of the work has gratified perhaps a keener anxiety than was ever evinced before in Britain in respect to a horticultural or botanical work.

It is a remark of Humboldt, that the multiplied means which painting can command for stimulating the fancy and concentrating in a small space the phenomena of sea and land, are denied to our plantations in gardens or in hothouses; but it is the opinion of the same illustrious observer of natural phenomena, that the inferiority in general impression is compensated by the mastery which the reality everywhere exerts over the senses. When, in a palm-house, 'we look down from the high gallery, during a bright noonday sunshine, upon the abundance of reed-like and arborescent palms, a complete illusion in respect to the locality in which we are placed is momentarily produced. We seem to be actually in the climate of the tropics, looking down from the summit of a hill upon a

small thicket of palms. The aspect of the deep blue sky, and the impression of a greater intensity of light are, indeed, wanting; but still the illusion is greater, and the imagination more vividly active, than from the most perfect painting: we associate with each vegetable form the wonders of a distant land; we hear the rustling of the fan-like leaves, and see the changing play of light, as, gently moved by slight currents of air, the waving tops of the palms come into contact with each other. So great is the charm which reality can give. The European forms of vegetation are familiar to all of us, both from our own observation and from the essays of the artist's pencil; but not so those more gorgeous forms developed under the favouring climatic conditions afforded in the tropics. Our nature-loving artists have not studied nature in her grandest aspects, where she appears in the fulness of grace and beauty. 'He who, with feelings alive to the beauties of nature in mountain, river, or forest scenery, has himself wandered in the torrid zone, and beheld the variety and luxuriance of the vegetation, not merely on the well-cultivated coasts, but also on the declivities of the snow-crowned Andes, the Himalaya, or the Neilgherries of Mysore, or in the virgin forests watered by the network of rivers between the Orinoco and the Amazons, can feel—and he alone can feel—how almost infinite is the field which still remains to be opened to landscape painting' in tropical countries; and how 'all that this department of art has yet produced, is not to be compared to the magnitude of the treasures of which, at some future day, it may become possessed.' In the present age, therefore, we look to gardening as the only available source (save that of toilsome foreign travel) whereby we may be supplied with a knowledge of those remarkable and characteristic traits of vegetable physiognomy which give birth to the gorgeous and diversified scenery of different regions of the globe. The principal gardening establishments of Europe each represent, more or less perfectly, the physiognomic features of those regions presenting the most diversified climatic conditions. But there is, perhaps, no region of the globe whose vegetation is more imperfectly represented in its physiognomic character, in our hothouses and gardens, than the Himalayan range of mountains, whose lofty character, inducing most remarkable and excessively vicissitudinal climate, is well calculated to give birth to a peculiar flora. We therefore regard the discoveries of Dr. Hooker—made during a botanical mission on behalf of the British government—as a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the geographical features of the earth's flora, and of a kind which was universally felt as a desideratum to science. Seeds of the Hookerian rhododendrons

have been liberally distributed from Kew Garden to all the horticultural and botanical establishments of note in Britain, and in the course of a few years we may enjoy the delight of beholding, in all their native magnificence, some of the most gorgeous plants that are found in *any* region of the world.

We are informed in the preface to the first fasciculus of Dr. Hooker's work that Darjeeling, in the Sikkim portion of the Himalaya, the native country of the rhododendrons figured, is situated in latitude 27° N., and in the same longitude as Calcutta, from which it is about 380 miles distant. Its elevation above the sea level is 7,200 feet, and its mean yearly temperature about 53° Fahrenheit. About 60 miles distant, a snowy range extends, in which the prominent peak of Kinchin-junga rises to an elevation of nearly 29,000 feet, the highest mountain at present known in the world.*

Here is Dr. Hooker's depiction of the physical aspects of the Indian rhododendron region:—

'Much as I had heard and read of the magnificence and beauty of Himalayan scenery, my highest expectations have been surpassed. I arrived at Darjeeling on a rainy, misty day, which did not allow me to see ten yards in any direction, much less to descry the snowy range distant sixty miles in a straight line. Early next morning I caught my first view, and literally held my breath in awe and admiration. Six or seven successive ranges of forest-clad mountains as high as that whereon I stood,† intervened between me and a dazzling white pile of snow-clad mountains, among which the giant peak of Kinchin-junga rose 20,000 feet above the left point from which I gazed. Owing to the clearness of the atmosphere the snow appeared to my fancy but a few miles off, and the loftiest mountain at only a day's journey. The heavenward outline was projected against a pale blue sky; while little detached patches of mist clung here and there to the highest peaks, and were tinged golden yellow, or rosy red, by the rising sun, which touched these elevated points long ere it reached the lower position which I occupied. Such is the aspect of the Himalaya range at early morning. As the sun's rays dart into the many valleys which lie between the snowy mountains and Darjeeling, the stagnant air contained in the low recesses becomes quickly heated, heavy masses of vapour, dense, white, and keenly defined, arise from the hollows, meet over the crests of the hills, cling to the forests on their summits, enlarge, unite, and ascend rapidly to the rarefied regions above—a phenomenon so suddenly developed that the consequent withdrawal from the spectator's gaze of the stupendous scenery beyond looks like the work of magic.'—Part I. Preface, pp. 5-6.

Such are the scenes amid which the gay rhododendrons flourish.

These plants 'form conspicuous features in the Himalayan landscape over many degrees of longitude, and through a great

* The next measurement is stated at 28,172 feet.

† 8000 feet.

variety of elevation, and clothe a vast amount of surface. They require a warm and damp climate, where the winters are mild. A certain degree of winter cold and perpetual humidity are necessary; but the summer heat is quite tropical where some of the species prevail, and snow rarely falls, and never rests on several of those peculiar to Sikkim.' The Sikkim Himalayas must be regarded as the centre of distribution, or (to avoid involving theoretical views) the head-quarters of the genus *Rhododendron*.

The progressive extension of our knowledge of the earth's flora, as illustrating the progress of botanical science, is well shown by a reference to the history of the genus *Rhododendron*. The total number of species that had become known to science up to the close of the eighteenth century, was eleven,—one (*R. ponticum*) a native of Asia Minor, and interesting on account of its poisonous qualities; two of the European Alps; two of Siberia; one of Austria and Piedmont; one of the United States of North America; one of Lapland and the Arctic Regions; one of Behring's Straits; one of the Caucasus; and one of the mountains of India. Many additions to this list have been made during the present century, botanical research having disclosed the hidden treasures of India, Java, and the Rocky Mountains, all of which have yielded up valuable additions to the *Rhododendron* family. In the year 1839, De Candolle was enabled to describe in all thirty-two species from different parts of the world. Dr. Hooker, however, has eclipsed *all* former discoveries in this department, for during his short sojourn in Sikkim he added no less than thirty-two species totally new to science, thus exactly *doubling* the number which the researches of botanists throughout all parts of the world had made known up to the period of De Candolle's publication to which we have alluded. And Dr. Hooker's discoveries are not to be valued alone for their interest in a botanical point of view. Many of the species introduced by him are *most valuable* additions to the ornamental shrubs and conservatory plants of our gardens, and as such shall be speedily spread over the length and breadth of Europe, wherever that pioneer of the fine arts, ornamental gardening, is recognised.

We cannot find space to enter into any detail of the various species of *Rhododendron* described in the work before us, more especially as the information conveyed is chiefly of that statistical kind calculated to be more useful to the student of science than to the general reader. We shall, however, notice one or two of those remarkable kinds which afford points of general interest.

One of the most gorgeous of the Sikkim rhododendrons is *R. fulgens*, aptly styled the '*Brilliant Rhododendron*,' the

corolla of which is of a deep, bright blood-red, highly shining. It occurs at an elevation of 12,000 to 14,000 feet, producing its superb flowers in the month of June. It is thus described by Dr. Hooker:—

‘This, the richest ornament of the Alpine regions of Sikkim-Himalaya, in the month of June, forms a very prevalent shrub at the elevations assigned to it; not yielding in abundance to its constant associates, *R. æruginosum* and *R. Maddeni*, and like the former, pushing forth young leaves of a beautiful verdigris-green in July and August. The foliage is perennial, and gives a singular hue to the bleak snowy mountain-faces, immediately overhung by the perpetual snow, contrasting in August in broad masses or broken clumps with the bright scarlet of the Berberry, the golden yellow of the fading birch and mountain ash, the lurid heavy green of the perennial juniper, and the black raw brown of the withered herbage. Whether, then, for the glorious effulgence in spring of its deep scarlet blossoms, which appear to glow like fire in the morning sunlight, or the singular tint it at other seasons wears, this is among the most striking of the plants which lend to those inhospitable regions the varied hues which are denied to the comparatively habitable, but gloomy forests of the temperate zone on the same mountains.’—Part iii. tab. 25.

Should this species prove an easily cultivated one, it will form a ‘grand’ acquisition to the garden. The peculiarities of a Himalayan climate, however, are not easily imitated in Britain, and it remains to be seen in how far cultivators will succeed with the Sikkim rhododendrons. We examined the seedling plants at Kew very carefully last summer, and have had opportunities of seeing them in other establishments, at *all* of which they are thriving well.

One of the most curious little plants in existence is *rhododendron nivale*, the Snow rhododendron, a singular species, which attains a higher elevation on the mountains than any other shrub in the world. It is a low growing, shrubby plant, spreading horizontally on the loftiest bare slopes of the mountains in the Thibetan frontier, at an elevation of 16,000 to 18,000 feet. It flowers in the months of June and July, and diffuses an odour like that of Eau de Cologne. The Snow rhododendron is dwelt upon with evident delight by our enraptured author:—

‘The latest to bloom and earliest to mature its seeds, by far the smallest in foliage, and proportionably largest in flower, most lepidote in vesture, humble in stature, rigid in texture, deformed in habit, yet the most odoriferous, it may be recognised, even in the Herbarium as the production of the loftiest elevation on the surface of the globe—of the most excessive climate—of the joint influences of a scorching sun by day, and the keenest frost at night—of the greatest drought followed in a few hours by a saturated atmosphere—of the balmiest calm alternating with the whirlwind of the Alps. For eight months of the year it is buried under many feet of snow; for the remaining four, it is frequently snowed and

sunned in the same hour. During genial weather, when the sun heats the soil to 15°, its perfumed foliage scents the air; whilst to snow-storm and frost it is insensible, blooming through all, expanding its little purple flowers to the day, and only closing them to wither after fertilization has taken place.'—(Part iii., tab. 26 B.)

From the above account this species would appear to be ill suited for garden culture; the excessive climate which seems so ungenial to vegetable development, is no doubt necessary for its growth.

One feature in the natural history of the *Rhododendron* is worthy of special remark—viz., the production by some species of a *poisonous* 'honey,' which is secreted by the flowers. The *Rhododendrons* are thus distinguished, in a marked manner, by their properties, from the other plants belonging to the natural order *Ericaceæ*, or heath family, none of the true heaths being poisonous, nor do they even exhibit any trace of deleterious properties. The honey, which gave rise to symptoms of poisoning in the Greek soldiers during the celebrated Retreat of the Ten Thousand mentioned by Xenophon, is recorded to have been obtained from *Rhododendron ponticum* and *Azalea pontica*, two ornamental shrubs much cultivated in our gardens and shrubberies, and recommended for this purpose by their early flowers. It is recorded that those who partook of the honey fell down in a stupified state. According to Major Madden (whose researches in Oriental botany have recently been, in part, brought prominently before the botanical public), the leaves and flowers of *Rhododendron arboreum* (one of the richest of our conservatory plants) sometimes poison the cattle which partake of them, along with the surrounding foliage and herbage, in the mountains of Kumaon. Several other species are narcotic, and produce poisonous honey, while others yield a resinous matter having a powerful and oppressive odour. *R. setosum* is the *Tsalu* of the Sikkim Bhoteas, and Thibetians, who attribute the oppression and headaches attending the crossing of the loftiest passes of the Eastern Himalaya to the strongly resinous odour of this and *R. anthopogon*, the *Palu* of the natives.

'The species certainly abounds to within a few miles of the summits of all the passes, and, after hot sunshine, fills the atmosphere with its powerful aroma, too heavy by far to be agreeable; and it is indeed a sad aggravation to the discomforts of toiling in the rarefied medium it inhabits. Covering, as it does, extensive moorland tracts and rocky slopes, the brilliant red purple of its flowers renders it a charming and most lovely object. In its late flowering and early fruiting, it is eminently typical of the briefer and more distinctly circumscribed summer of those elevated regions; and no less so are its powerfully strong odour and copious resinous secretions, of a drier climate than any, except a very few, of its congeners enjoy.

The hand, on being passed over the foliage and branches, is imbued with the clammy exudation, and long retains the scent. An useful volatile oil, of no less marked character than that of the American *Gaultheria procumbens* (the oil of wintergreen used by perfumers and druggists), would probably be yielded by distillation of the foliage.'—Part ii., tab. 20.

Some of the poisonous species, however, seem to possess useful properties. A Siberian narcotic species (*R. chrysanthum*) has been used to allay pain in rheumatic and neuralgic affections; and the oil procured from the buds of the Swiss *Rhododendron* (*R. ferrugineum*) is said to possess the property of soothing pains in the joints when applied externally.

We rise from the perusal of Dr. Hooker's work with great pleasure. The drawings are *excellent*; and our only regret is, that *the work is published at such a price as to be beyond the reach of many cultivators into whose hands it ought to fall.*

The concluding part exhibits a certain *tendency* towards 'hair-splitting,' to which the Hookers have never been addicted. An occasional awkwardness of expression in some of the descriptions we attribute to the circumstance of the two first fasciculi having been published from Dr. Hooker's notes previous to his return to England.

ART. V.—1. *The History of Liverpool.* By Thomas Baines. 8vo. Liverpool. 1850-1.

2. *Pictorial Relics of Ancient Liverpool.* By W. G. Herdman. Folio. Liverpool. 1843.

Two effects, to follow unquestionably upon Mr. Ewart's law to facilitate the foundation of public libraries, have not yet obtained due attention in the various estimates made of the usefulness of the law. These libraries are regarded in some quarters with an indifference only to be accounted for by an unconsciousness of their value. The time, then, is fitting for a careful examination of every argument in favour of a measure adopted almost with acclamation in Parliament.

The two peculiar effects in the establishment of public libraries here alluded to are—first, the more careful preservation, and secondly, the more extensive using, of vast stores of intelligence, scattered in all quarters, and in many forms, in public and private repositories of our written memorials, and of our mouldering historical monuments. In very numerous cases indeed, these are either perishing in our hands, or they are

little known, and, therefore, only slightly appreciated, or, if well known, it is with extreme difficulty that they are accessible. A cathedral could be named where two good libraries were long disused, and the books piled like broken-up bales in a deserted warehouse, although one of them was subscribed for by the whole county two centuries ago. Unique maps and early editions of costly works were rotting with damp, and the whole, naturally enough, shut up close from censorious visitors. Our forefathers, however, when they *chained* up their literary benefactions, did so to secure the use of the books to *all* readers.

‘I wull,’ said Judge Littleton, in 1481, in his bequest of the ‘*Gesta Romanorum*’ to the convent of Halesowen, ‘that the volume be bounden with an iron chain in the church, so that all priests *and others* may see it, and read it *when it pleaseth* them.’

In those days churches were usually kept open. To the chain prudently provided for safe custody of the volume, thus left free to all comers, there is now added the locked door, so that no comers at all can read *at pleasure*. Important collections of books abound, attesting the zeal of our forefathers in furnishing means of instruction; and these collections will, of course, in many cases, be made the foundations of the proposed public libraries. Their preservation and easy accessibility secured, they will be turned to account in the enlightenment of many parts of the country now less advanced than more favoured localities, solely for want of intellectual culture.

A little inquiry into the character of our provincial literature will show the extent to which the trouble of preserving literary stores from decay will be rewarded.

No corner of the land is without attractions, traditional, natural, or industrial. But there is generally wanting to the local student, and the passing stranger, a common centre at which proper access may be had to whatever they are diligently seeking. Private collections, guide-books, reports of societies, newspapers, and catalogues, do much to remove difficulties. With all this, however, a very industrious inquirer, after spending much time profitably any where, will discover that he has had but a glimpse and mere outside view of many local treasures of knowledge. These public libraries will fully supply his need by offering, in numerous cases, complete collections of existing materials, and in all, a convenient way to such as are not yet confided to public custody.

County histories show the great value of local stores, and, imperfect as these histories for the most part still are, they possess peculiar charms wanting to general history—an individual romantic spirit, like that of biography, in materials for

which they so much abound. Henry V. and Owen Glendower, in the 'History of Monmouthshire and Herefordshire,' and Lady Jane Grey, preferring her books to the deer-hunt at Bradgate, as the story is told in that of Leicestershire, are gems of great value; and give familiar views of those celebrated historical personages, which leave only the regret that such traces of their private lives are not more extended. Sir Philip Sidney, at the Grammar School at Shrewsbury, and again when threatening his father's secretary, somewhat rashly, with his dagger for looking at his letters, are interesting even in comparison with his display of humanity to the wounded soldier at Zutphen, which history records. Sir Francis Drake tracking the fresh-water springs of Dartmoor to Plymouth at the heels of his wizard horse, is at least as instructive in our sanatory days, as his brilliant buccaneering on the Spanish main, of which historians so eagerly tell the tale. General history gives Hampden too exclusive honour for resisting ship-money, when county records prove this same principle to have been maintained by other men at the same hazard. Of these one of the most remarkable was Colonel John Moore, who was sent to the Tower for vindicating the liberties of Englishmen, and afterwards became one of the judges of Charles. Again, the boy Clive climbing the steeple of a country church, is more daring, and more innocent too, than the conqueror of India at Plassy.

The like instances might be multiplied without end, and without wearying, from the annals of Cornwall to those of the Orkneys.

County histories, too, have in themselves much of the picturesque, as they are useful guides to it in natural scenes. White's 'Selborne' and Isaac Walton's 'Angler,' are only fine monographs, as it were, of our local literature. Poor Roby's* 'Traditions of Lancashire,' and Mrs. Bray's 'Volumes on Devon,' Mrs. Hall's 'Irish Scenes,' and Mr. Howitt's English ones, are all of the same class, full of the beautiful of nature, and of passion in private life as exhibited in spots which the tourist seeks the more eagerly after having enjoyed them in description.

These local histories have another, and a higher source of interest. The annals of industry and science, and of social life, do not always show the distribution of fame to be according to well-deserving: and although it may be ungracious to deprive the meritoriously successful of high honours, it is common justice to award a late reputation to the more meritorious, who did not realize the fair hopes of their lives of toil. The

* Mr. Roby was drowned in the Orion steamer in 1850.

proofs of unrewarded merit lie scattered among the retired corners of the land for considerate collectors, just as an invaluable painting has often been discovered in an old curiosity shop, or a rare volume upon a stall in a country town. Arkwright may deserve his millions for bold and judicious combinations in cotton manufacture, and Crompton may have been wisely rewarded by parliament for his improved cotton machinery, but it is to Charles Wyatt, of Birmingham, to Thomas Highs of Leigh, the father of *Jenny*, whose name at least seems to be perpetuated in the art of spinning cotton, and to his fellow-townsmen John Kay, and to James Hargreaves, of Blackburn, all ill-enough paid when living, that the voice of the country gives a late credit for inventing the machines which made other men rich. True fame may often be found out of the Herald's College.

There have also been strange coincidences in regard to important discoveries and inventions, and the evidence of such coincidences lie hidden among local records.

There are, further, some opinions, disregarded in times past, which are now better appreciated. Those opinions may have taken refuge, in the days of their discredit, in county history, when they ought to have graced the national literature. The historian of Manchester, Dr. Whitaker, is a famous example of this, in regard to his sound judgment on the sources of the English tongue. His 3000 *British* words which were laughed at in the last century for an etymological blunder, are now recognised by the highest authorities as a moderate estimate of the true sources of our language.

It is, finally, in those bye-ways, that striking examples of great popular progress in letters or science are often met with. Such an one is the anecdote published in a Sunderland journal, and copied into half the newspapers of the country, to the effect that the best customers to the booksellers in Northumberland for works of abstruse science are coal-miners; and a pendant to it may be offered in an incident that occurred some years since at Litchfield. A lame mechanic was cheapening 'Saunderson's Mathematics' at a bookseller's in the presence of a dignitary of the cathedral, who, with a stranger, struck, like himself, by the wistful looks and regret of the student at the price beyond his means, willingly contributed the difference. He was afterwards known to make excellent use of the gift.

Local literature may, in fact, be called the *raw material* skilfully collected, of much of our social history; and which able writers, like Thierry, in France, and our Macaulay, know how to use with effect.

In the 'History of Liverpool,' of which the title stands at

the head of this article, the author, Mr. Thomas Baines (a son of the late member for Leeds, who himself wrote a capital work on Lancashire), has elevated the annals of a great emporium of trade to the rank of general history, by illustrations of local progress, drawn from the most extensive commercial experience over all the world. Connecting the characteristics of this port with whatever at home and abroad may have contributed to its rise, he points out the peculiar influences to which that rise is traceable; and he has ably interwoven his respective illustrations with a narrative of facts belonging to general as well as to local history. Nowhere is the contrast better shown than in Mr. Baines' pages, between the ancient desolation of the northern counties, at the sight of which *conquering soldiers stood aghast*, and the flourishing condition of the east and south of England at the same period. Nowhere is the rise of the manufacturing and commercial wealth of the same northern counties more clearly traced to the water power supplied by an inexhaustible atmosphere, and shed through multitudinous mountains and valleys, to the far greater power of canals, coals, and steam, all tending to fill an admirable harbour with commodities from half the world beyond sea. He then presents us with a luminous view of that half world, America, and British India, whose commerce belongs so largely to Liverpool.

Mr. Baines has made great and judicious use of antiquarian lore, of which a single short extract must here suffice.

Sir Edward Moore, the son of the patriot of the commonwealth Colonel Moore, already mentioned, succeeded, at the restoration of Charles II., to a dilapidated estate. He left it, improved with great care, to his son; and, as was common in that age, he also left him *a testament of advice*, for his governance in life. This document contains curious details of manners, and striking proofs of the sagacity of the writer. Among other matters, he expatiates on the advantages his family can derive from the enlargement to be expected of the town of Liverpool, where he himself much encouraged building. New streets were named by him; and, says Mr. Baines—

‘*Fenwick-street*, in Liverpool, was so named from the feeling of conjugal affection for an excellent wife, who made her husband's home happy, and twice saved him and his family from ruin. The following is a touching and eloquent summary of the reasons which induced Sir Edward Moore to name *Fenwick-street* after this wife, the daughter of a brave old Loyalist.

“The reasons,” says Sir Edward, in his testament, “why I named this street *Fenwick-street* were four; the first of which is, that your mother was one of the co-heirs of Sir William Fenwick, of Meldon Hall, in Northumberland, by whom I came actually possessed of £700 a-year, or of

inheritance, for my third part. The second is, for that by her fortune I disengaged £10,000 of a debt contracted by my unfortunate father in the service of the Parliament in those late unhappy wars. The third reason is, for that my whole estate was confiscated for my father's fault, dead fifteen years before; and notwithstanding, on the petition of my wife to the Lords, they ordered four earls to go with it to the King, to acquaint his Majesty that the sense of the house was, the petitioner was a fit object of mercy, in regard that her father was an excepted person from pardon by the late usurper, and had lost, from his loyalty to the value of £100,000, a third of which should have been hers! Besides, she herself endured much hardship by imprisonment and other things for her loyalty. So the King was graciously pleased to grant my father's estate to such feoffees as she should name. Thus, under God, you see she and her fortune saved your estate in Lancashire twice. The fourth reason why I named this street so is, that, to add to all those mercies which God was pleased to make her an instrument in, to sweeten them the more to us, he hath been pleased to bless us with four sons and two daughters."'

Then, turning from the son for whom these curious papers were especially written, the good old man addresses himself with an author's commendable pride and some solemnity to the stranger who might at some future day be interested in the story:—'These reasons considered,' he says, 'I hope, whoever thou art that reads the same, thou would not condemn my gratitude to God Almighty for predestinating such an instrument to match into our family.' ('History of Liverpool,' p. 329.)—Very far indeed from that; on the contrary, all will join heartily in Mr. Baines' tribute of respect to the worthy father of the great seaport for thus doing affectionate homage to the excellencies of his spouse. It is worth a journey to Lancashire to read on the spot so valuable a record of county history, only just printed nearly two centuries after it was written.

The history of Liverpool narrates the past events of two thousand years in this busy corner of Britain; and it follows up the little fishing hamlet upon a creek in the Mersey, through a curious succession of scenes, in which Celt and Saxon, Dane and Norman, were separate actors, until a combined people raised the rich work of civilization before us, far too much still mingled with the degradations of extreme poverty. This history of prosperous enterprise offers great lessons to the reader; and some remarkable facts demonstrate that the lessons are needed. The enormous blunders of filling up *two* land-locked, naturally wet docks, of cutting down a magnificent grove of *sheltered* trees, and of bringing down a crumbling old tower of a church upon the congregation in spite of warning, are strong proofs of the need the local authorities have had of *flapping*; and the risk that Liverpool and its prodigious docks run at this moment of being destroyed by the explosion of ill-placed pow-

der magazines, which the corporation is reluctant to remove, shows that the leaven of old blundering prevails still.

The 'pictorial relics' of Mr. Herdman attain the same object of instructing his reader, but it is through the medium of a correct and highly cultivated taste, in a volume of fine drawings.

The local artist, familiar with the place of his early days, and with its history, invests his subject with a poetry that relieves the streets of Liverpool a little from the intolerable desecration of unceasing smoke. Mr. Herdman has two passages, for one of which visitants fortunate enough to fall upon brilliant Lancashire days of sunshine will be thankful; but they must be early risers to enjoy them. It shows the details of a magnificent view from the heights of Everton, a view extending north to the Isle of Man, Rydal, and the Yorkshire hills; eastward to Derbyshire; Cheshire, and Wales, South and West.

The second passage, relative to the *Ladies' Walk*, constitutes a standing charge against the authorities, of Vandalism in destroying a chief grace, and at the same time the very lungs of a great town.

'From the east side of Bath-street, near the Old Fort, to Old Hall-street, was formerly a favourite promenade, called the "Ladies' Walk," the destruction of which has been much regretted. The following is the description of it in the unpublished MS. reminiscences of Mrs. Hargreaves: At the end of Old Hall-street, says that lady, was formerly a fine walk with a double row of trees on each side, much frequented by the respectable inhabitants, and especially by merchants, who found it a good post of observation from which to note the approach of their vessels to the port. The direction of the walk was towards the shore, where it terminated in a flight of steps, opposite the old baths. The destruction of this beautiful walk, with its fine avenue of trees, was cause of great lamentation at the time. The whole site is now occupied by coal-yards, while the baths and fort, to which it conducted, are occupied by the Regent's Dock. The Ladies' Walk has been destroyed perhaps above thirty years. A hawthorn transplanted from it when demolished is now flourishing at Broad Green. What was called Maiden's Green (near VULCAN-street) was, with the surrounding neighbourhood, formerly an open place with grass, on which the young people were accustomed on holidays and summer evenings to meet to enjoy a merry dance.

'The WISHING Gate, near Mile-end Rocks, was also a favourite resort of the relatives of seamen, *who hastened* thither to wave a last farewell to the departing mariner. The site of this *Wishing* gate is now occupied by the Clarence Dock.'

It is a charming thought of Mr. Herdman to have preserved drawings of these 'relics;' and the authorities of Liverpool at present think that the time is come to repair out of the resources of their prodigious trade the damage done by it to the old

adornments of their town. Last year, architects and artists were invited to send in plans of large improvements for Liverpool and its neighbourhood. Liberal prizes were given for two of these plans, the whole of which were exhibited at the Town Hall. One of them took up the correct idea of harmonizing the elements of vegetable and animal life by the careful distribution of *planted* spaces over and about all the town. The success of Sir J. Paxton's palace of crystal has also produced proposals for similar constructions in Liverpool on a large scale, *with horticultural additions*, which the circumstances of the place render quite practicable; and the beautiful arrangement of the park of Birkenhead on the opposite shore, also Sir J. Paxton's, justifies a sanguine hope, that 'VULCAN streets' will no longer be allowed their disastrous monopoly of space on the shores of the Mersey. We need not attempt to put them down by indictment, like Mr. Muspratt's famous soda-ash works; for commerce can afford from its gains to provide, in the free enjoyment of pure air and clean walks, a compensation for its too frequent deductions from our comfort.

Mr. Herdman records the details of the fatal incident, already alluded to, with its lesson. In 1810, the spire and tower fell through the roof of the old church, and killed twenty-three young girls of a school, and three women already assembled. He adds with earnest propriety,—'This terrible disaster might, in all probability, have been avoided, information having been given to some of the authorities about the church by an elderly person, who had observed the situation of the stones forming the lower arch of the tower, that it would be dangerous to ring the bells. This advice was not attended to, though urged a few minutes previous to the time of ringing.'—p. 39. Probably the 'authorities' did not go to afternoon service, and so were deaf to the notice!

Local history, as illustrated by institutional records and by biography, offers another topic in Lancashire of superior interest. It concerns the foundation of the Liverpool asylum for the blind, in 1790, the first of such institutions in England. In reference to it a question has arisen, whether it was adopted from one previously founded in France by the brother of the celebrated Houy, and which had a German origin,—or whether it sprang from a purely British source. The latter seems probable; as a common spirit of intelligent benevolence prevailed throughout Europe at that time, and common efforts of reform and improvement may have been made on many points without concert. This conclusion is confirmed by the positive testimony of the report of the Liverpool asylum for the blind, in

1793, in which it is asserted, that it had then, three years after the founding of the institution, been discovered that a similar one existed in Paris.

But a second question raised is, to what Englishman we owe this first step in a line of philanthropy that does the age honour? Five names have been put forward as claimants—viz., 1. Henry Arnold, of Ormskirk, a *blind* man, whose improvement under care qualified him to be an organist, and then to acquire independence in a reputable business. 2. The Rev. Henry Dannett, an eminent benefactor to this asylum in all ways. 3. John Christie, also a blind man, whose musical acquirements were remarkable. 4. The late Pudsey Dawson, a great friend of the institution; and lastly, *blind* Edward Rushton, of Liverpool—a man of rare talents and rarer character, sustained under great afflictions through a life of social heroism. A newspaper of old date contains his own account of this controverted matter, to which are here prefixed a few words respecting this remarkable man.

When a very young seaman—an apprentice—he saved his ship after the captain had abandoned the command in despair, and the helmsman his post. Seizing the rudder, he called the crew to their duty, and brought all safe into port. In the West Indies his own life was saved in a wreck by a negro, grateful for his many kindnesses, and who perished in the noble act.

In a slaver, at nineteen, he lost his sight by dressing the ophthalmia-stricken cargo of negroes, when no other officer would go to them in the hold. With his prospects thus ruined in youth, and with a blindness that lasted thirty years, he struggled against many difficulties; but he overcame them. He acquired independence as a bookseller—a condition that suited his literary taste; and recovering sight dimly by a skilful operation, he closed, in 1814, an active career of benevolence and public spirit—a foremost man in the good old cause of liberty in days when its friends were few, and their rewards scanty. His literary knowledge was extensive; his style in prose and verse above mediocrity. His sea-songs are among the best in the language.

Mr. Rushton's account of the foundation of this asylum is conclusive, and as it is only to be met with in an old Liverpool newspaper, it will be acceptable here both as a production of this good and able man, and also in reference to our suggestions of the advantage of carefully collecting the scattered materials of local interest within the new public libraries. This letter, too, has a more practical value. Asylums for the blind require extension and improvement, and the suggestions of their

originator in England may still be consulted with advantage for both purposes.

The paper is entitled 'A Few Plain Facts relative to the Origin of the Liverpool Institution for the Blind.'

'Early in the year 1790,' says Mr. Rushton, then himself a *blind* man, 'I regularly attended an association, consisting of ten or a dozen individuals, who assembled weekly for the purpose of literary discussion; and one evening, the conversation having turned on the recently established Marine Society, it was observed by a member of that body that the committee for the management of the marine fund had declined the acceptance of any small donations. It immediately occurred to me, that if an institution could be formed in Liverpool for the relief of its indigent and numerous blind, the small donations thus declined by the marine committee might be brought to flow in a channel not less benevolent, and prove of essential service in the establishment of a fund for the benefit of that unfortunate portion of the community.

'Forcibly impressed with this idea, I mentioned my design on the moment, and soon after produced two letters on the loss of sight.

'The second of these letters contained the outline of an institution, by which it was hoped that the pecuniary distresses, and consequently the gloom of the sightless, might, in some degree, be alleviated. My plan was briefly this:—that an association should be formed, consisting entirely of blind persons, that the names of females, as well as males, should be registered, and that each individual should contribute a small matter weekly, or monthly, with which, and the benefactions of the humane, such a fund might speedily be established as would afford to each a weekly allowance in case of sickness, superannuation, &c. This attempt I knew to be singular, and that I had no personal influence to recommend it; yet, as the sufferings of the indigent blind were great, and as good might be the result, I was resolved to persevere. There was also another stimulus: the Liverpool Marine Society had originated in a conversation between two individuals at the close of a convivial meeting, and the effects of this society were likely to prove highly beneficial; nor had I forgotten the invigorating remark of Shakespeare,—“Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might gain, by fearing to attempt.” Encouraged by these reflections, my letters on the blind were submitted to the opinion of our little community, in which, some months before, had originated the Liverpool Marine Society, and the idea of mitigating the misery of those hitherto neglected unfortunates was unanimously approved. It was deemed advisable, however, not to insert the letters in the Liverpool papers till the sanction or patronage of certain leading characters could be procured, and in this advice I thought it expedient to acquiesce. Among the members of our small, but interesting society, was a respectable musician of the name of Lowe, who was himself in a sightless state. Pleased with the plan, and having intercourse, in the way of his profession, with several affluent families, Mr. Lowe requested that he might be furnished with copies of the letters, in order to leave them in the hands of a few wealthy individuals, among whom he was

confident he could soon procure patrons for so novel, yet so benevolent an undertaking. The copies were accordingly made out, and Mr. Lowe had them in his possession for several months, during which they were shown to many respectable characters, and at length, about the middle of October, they were presented by Mr. Lowe to the Rev. Henry Dannett. This gentleman expressed himself warmly in favour of the design, inquired after the author of the letters, and sent a message by Mr. Lowe, requesting my company to breakfast on the following morning. But before I proceed it will be necessary to mention a circumstance which may prove of considerable importance in ascertaining the origin of the Liverpool Institution for the Blind. Some years previously to this period, a fellowship in misfortune had brought me acquainted with Mr. John Christie, musician, and this acquaintance his modest worth and ingenuity had ripened into friendship. To him, therefore, I communicated my design soon after it was formed, and by him that design was not only warmly approved, but he endeavoured to promote it by showing the copies of my letters whenever he thought they could be communicated with any prospect of success. Some months, however, had passed away, and little had been done towards furthering my plan of a beneficial institution. Mr. Lowe, indeed, had obtained some splendid promises, but not one particle of real support, when, about the beginning of September, my friend John Christie mentioned to me, for the first time, the happy idea of having a place appropriated for the use of the blind, wherein, by gratuitous musical instruction, they might soon be enabled to provide for themselves, which, to a well-disposed mind, must ever prove a source of the highest satisfaction. This judicious and humane idea, which I firmly believe to have originated with John Christie, was afterwards, at his request, expanded in a letter addressed to his benevolent friend Mr. Edward Alanson, surgeon, of Liverpool.

‘In the course of a few days, several manuscript copies of this letter were made, and, by the advice of Mr. Alanson, put into circulation. I was invited to dine with Mr. Dannett to discuss the subject, and there were present, exclusive of Mr. Dannett, Mr. Roscoe, the Rev. J. Smyth, Mr. Carson, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Christie, and myself. Immediately after dinner Mr. Dannett commenced the business by reading my two letters, and that of Mr. Christie’s, no other manuscript or document whatever being produced. A sheltering establishment for the indigent blind appeared the ardent wish of all. There was, indeed, some difference of opinion as to the scale on which it should commence, and as to the employments which would prove the most suitable, but not a syllable was uttered against the thing itself. The ideas contained in John Christie’s letter were discussed by the name of Christie’s plan, and the beneficial scheme as mine; and here it may be observed that by this meeting the beneficial fund was incorporated with the design, and actually forms a part of the first printed documents, though it has never yet been carried into execution. With the suggestions of John Christie as a ground-work, several rules and regulations were committed to writing during the afternoon, and to these Mr. Roscoe appeared particularly attentive. It was late in the evening before the company separated, and in order that the infant scheme might benefit by the observations which had been made during the discussion, it was

agreed that the second meeting should not be held till after the interval of a week. Accordingly, on the following Monday, another meeting was held at the house of Mr. Dannett; the regulations formed at the first meeting were deliberately read, and, after some little alterations and emendations of little moment, the documents were left in the hands of Mr. Dannett in order that they might be committed to the press.'

If this forgotten provincial document were not acceptable in itself as an illustration both of the subject of this article, and of a most interesting branch of philanthropy, a melancholy excuse for it would be found in a recent very sudden event, the decease of Edward Rushton's son, for twelve years the universally respected police magistrate of Liverpool. This worthy son of a worthy sire was a man of pre-eminent qualities, high-minded and eloquent, an earnest patriot, and kind-hearted in all the relations of life. If it be a rare mark of superiority of character to bear an adverse lot with dignity, it is perhaps more rare to be equal to prosperous fortunes. In this remarkable family both sorts of eminence were exemplified in an extraordinary degree for three quarters of a century. The elder Rushton lived an unshrinking advocate of liberal opinions when their sincerest professors were too often exposed to contumely: the younger had his reward, and never abused it. There were points of strong resemblance in their career. The father was an enthusiastic friend to the negro race; the son ably promoted negro emancipation. The father's letter of remonstrance to Washington on the subject, although a production of great merit, is surpassed by the son's brilliant appeal to the American people to do themselves honour by giving the slave freedom.

The father was a powerful pleader for the seaman, whose best qualities his own brief career on the ocean nobly exemplified. The son pleaded with more effect for the criminal, whom it was his duty as a magistrate to condemn. When cut off prematurely, he was engaged, with every prospect of success, in establishing the only institution calculated to reform the young culprit, and to narrow extensively the influence of early crime—industrial schools, and profitable employment.

The north is justly proud of the Rushtons, the Roscoes, and their like. Home travel has no more delightful roads than those leading to the scenes such men have adorned; and our new public libraries, among many branches of usefulness, will have none more useful than in becoming depositories of minutest memorials of our worthies. As in the case of Sir Edward Moore's testament, it is often after a long lapse of years that circumstances are favourable to their publication. In the meanwhile, it is most important to have proper provision made for their safe custody.

Our local history abounds in the like characteristics of our people ; and those characteristics are more precious than the newly-revealed gold in Australia. Since the foregoing pages were penned, a very remarkable illustration of the value of such libraries as Mr. Ewart has planned, occurred in the discovery of some of the writings of *the founder of the Bank of England*, William Paterson. Something more is due to him, than to be mentioned in our popular literature, as ‘the ingenious and *restless* Scotchman *said to have PROJECTED the Bank of England.*’ —(‘*Athenæum*,’ 24th April, 1852, p. 147.)

Not only, however, did William Paterson project this great establishment, but he perfected it, and was one of its first chartered directors. It was by the dint of genius alone, that the unfriended, fortuneless Scotchman did this important public service to England at a most perilous crisis.

He also planned, and carried out, *as far as lay in him*, the noblest scheme of trade and colonization ever devised for Great Britain. His Darien Colony, the failure of which disgraced the reign of King William III. as deeply as the Massacre of Glencoe, was a small part only of that scheme ; and so far from its being exclusively Scotch, the king himself ultimately acknowledged its general utility.

But more than this ; there is preserved in the British Museum two other admirable productions of the genius of Paterson. One is an essay full of interest, upon the advantages of *Free Trade*, and containing designs for bringing it to bear effectually in support of the advancement of the good of mankind at large. The other is, the catalogue of a library of trade and finance, founded by Paterson in 1703, in Westminster, and the argument upon which he was led to found it. What became of this library is not yet ascertained ; but after seeing the ‘*Marlborough Despatches*’ and other treasures of the olden time brought to light, we need not despair of being able to raise up, in the works of William Paterson, a monument worthy of the man who was the real founder of the political economy of modern times. His character, too, proves, upon closer investigation, to be as deserving of our homage as his great talents. With much sagacity Mr. Warburton has, in his recent romance of ‘*Darien ; or, the Merchant Prince*,’ given a portraiture of his hero, verified by the strictest examination of the career of the man.

It is not sanguine to expect that Mr. Ewart’s *libraries* will become the attractive repositories of many such treasures now mouldering in garrets or cellars, and often consigned by mere neglect to irretrievable decay.

ART. VI.—*History of the American Revolution.* By George Bancroft.
In three volumes. Vol. I. London: Bentley.

MR. BANCROFT'S 'History of the United States' takes up the narrative where the third volume of the former series left it—that is, in the year 1748. We believe that some objections to the title, as not being strictly accurate—the former volumes being a history of the British North American Colonies before they were United States—have led the author, or the English publisher, to give this volume, as the first of a new series, the name of the 'History of the American Revolution.' The objection was more specious than real, for a history of the United States naturally implies their history from their first foundation, and the present volume still belongs to the same classification as the former, being not a history of the revolution, but of the expulsion of the French population from Acadia, and the conquest of Canada.

The volume might with great propriety be styled 'A History of the best Method of Losing a Colony.' It is a volume most *à propos*, and profitable to be read at the present juncture, for it bears a singular coincidence with the history of government here at this moment. We behold in it a whig administration tumbling to pieces from sheer decrepitude: a set of vain, weak aristocrats, with no real knowledge of business, with not a man of commanding genius amongst them, yet too proud to receive instruction from men of lower rank, but of real talent and of thorough experience. We behold them rapidly swamping the honour and the resources of the empire; irritating the colonists of America instead of governing them; blind to the bold and independent character of those colonists, and, spite of perpetual failures, attempting to tax them without their consent, without any representation, and solely to glut with plunder their swarms of relatives and dependants. Newcastle, Bedford, Townshend, Halifax, Bute, and such men figure at the head of the misrule and the disaster which closed round England at this period. These men made England corrupt at home and contemptible abroad. The French set us at defiance in America. From Canada, they extended themselves along the lakes; secured Forts Ticonderoga, William, Henry, and Niagara; seized on the Ohio Valley, and contemplated, from Canada at the one extremity and New Orleans and Louisiana at the other, drawing a regular military *cordon* along the whole west of the States, and eventually driving the English from the continent.

If this had depended on the whig aristocracy of England

alone, they would certainly have done it. But in the way of this result there stood a brave population of American-English amply capable, as they soon afterwards showed, of defending their native soil. The imbecility of the commanders, Braddock and Webb; the defeat and massacre of the one with his army, the cowardice of the other, portended the speedy downfall of British power on that continent. But at this moment arose from the people a man without name, and without fortune, to whom the feeble whigs, after a long combat with their vanity and their aristocratic jealousy, were compelled to resign the helm, and to call on him piteously to save the country. This man was William Pitt, afterwards the celebrated Lord Chatham.

The moment that he assumed the direction of public affairs, they began to wear a new aspect. With far-seeing sagacity, with an intuitive recognition of able instruments, with more sense in his own head than the old government possessed in its whole body, he immediately set to work to restore the prosperity and fame of the nation. He allayed the fears of the Americans as to arbitrary impositions, and called upon them to assist in defending their native soil, leaving to them to raise the necessary funds as they thought best. The call was obeyed with universal alacrity, and the same active energies which were afterwards exerted to drive the English from their shores, were now employed to expel the French. The colonists exhibited a genius for warfare, and a spirit and endurance that astonished all Europe. The French were speedily driven not only from the Ohio Valley, but beyond the St. Lawrence. Thither Pitt pursued them, and, by the agency of Wolfe, proceeded to make himself master of Quebec, and to transfer the Canadas from the French to the British crown. He did not rest here, but took Guadaloupe and Havana in the West Indies, Senegal and Goree on the coast of Africa; and gave that support and stimulus to Clive in the East Indies which laid the foundation of our power there—a foundation on which has been gradually built our present magnificent oriental empire.

This the genius of Chatham achieved, and when it was done, he was unceremoniously dismissed, and the aristocracy once more assumed the reins, only to cover the country again with a long career of disaster, disgrace, and ruin, which substituted the contempt of Europe for that homage which Pitt had compelled from it, and which ended by the total loss of our noble American colonies.

These are things which, we repeat, it is profitable to rest and ponder on at the present moment, when the affairs of the Cape

are again exhibiting the constant characteristics of whig colonial management, and when a serious exposition of the state of India must necessarily take place in parliament, in order to the consideration of the renewal of the company's charter. Such an exposition, if it be made fully and fairly, if it be not, by government and India House influence, shrouded in a great measure from the public gaze, will show the results of our constant wars there, in the accumulation of the debt which this country will some day have to take to, in the condition of the natives, and in the whole internal economy of the peninsula, which must make all lovers of their country anxious for a second Chatham to save the nation from the wretchedness of aristocratic rule.

The family features of whiggery are so curiously permanent, that we must take a slight sketch or two of the men who ruled England in that day, before going further.

'In April, 1724,' says Bancroft, 'the seals of the southern department and the colonies had been entrusted to the Duke of Newcastle. His advancement by Sir Robert Walpole, who shunned men of talents as latent rivals, was owing to his rank, wealth, influence over boroughs, and personal imbecility. For nearly four-and-twenty years, he remained minister for British America, yet to the last, the statesman who was deeply versed in the statistics of elections, knew little of the continent of which he was guardian. He addressed letters, it used to be confidently said, to "The Island of New England," and could not tell but that Jamaica was in the Mediterranean. Heaps of colonial memorials and letters remained unread in his office; and a paper was almost sure of neglect, unless some agent remained with him to see it opened. His frivolous nature could never glow with affection, or grasp a great idea, or analyze complex relations. After long research, I cannot find that he ever once attended seriously to an American question, or had a clear conception of one American measure.'—p. 9.

When America was entrusted to such hands, where is the wonder that it was lost? But how completely was his mode of management the counterpart of much that we have seen in our own time, and for which the country will soon have a heavy bill of solid millions to pay:—

'Newcastle had no system, except to weaken opposition by bestowing office on its leaders. He was himself free from avarice; but having the patronage of a continent, in colonies where consummate discretion and ability were required, he would gratify his connexions in the aristocratic families of England by entrusting the royal prerogative to men of broken fortune, dissolute and ignorant, too vile to be employed near home; so that America became the hospital of Great Britain for its decayed members of parliament and abandoned courtiers. Of such officers the conduct was sure to provoke jealous distrust, and to justify perpetual opposition. But

Newcastle was satisfied with distributing places, and acquiesced with indifference in the policy of the colonists to keep the salaries of all officers of the crown dependent on the annual deliberations of the legislature. Placed between the lords of trade, who issued instructions, and the cabinet, which alone could propose measures to enforce them, he served as a non-conductor to the angry zeal of the former, whose places under such a secretary became more and more nearly sinecures, while America, neglected by England, and rightly resisting her rulers, went on her way rejoicing towards freedom and independence.'—p. 21.

But to appreciate the full force of aristocratic capacity for national ruin at this period, we must add Bancroft's contrasted portraiture of the Dukes of Newcastle and Bedford:—

'Of the two dukes, who, at this epoch of the culminating of the aristocracy, guided the external policy of England, each hastened the independence of America. Newcastle, who was childless, depended on office for all his pleasures. Bedford, though sometimes fond of place, was too proud to covet it always. Newcastle had no passion but business, which he conducted in a fretful hurry, and never finished; the graver Bedford, though fond of "theatricals and jollity," was yet capable of persevering in a system. Newcastle was of "so fickle a head, and so treacherous a heart," that Walpole called his name "Perfidy." Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, said 'he had no friends, and deserved none; and Lord Halifax used to revile him in the strongest terms as "a knave and a fool." He was too unstable to be led by others; and from his own instincts about majorities, shifted his sails as the wind shifted. Bedford, who was bold and unbending, and would do nothing but what he thought was "indisputably right," was "always governed," "and was also immeasurably obstinate in an opinion once received," being "the most ungovernable governed man" said Henry Fox, and the most faithful to the vulgar and dissolute "bandits" who formed his political connexion. Neither was cruel or revengeful, but while the one had no rancour or ill-nature, and no enmities but freaks of petulance, the other carried decision into his attachments and his feuds. Newcastle, with no elevation of mind, no dignity of manner, lavished promises, familiar caresses, tears, and kisses, and cringing professions of regard, with prodigal hypocrisy; Bedford, whose hardy nature knew no wiles, was too haughty to practice concealment, and was blunt, unabashed, and, without being aware of it, rudely impetuous, even in the presence of his sovereign. Newcastle was jealous of rivals; Bedford was impatient of contradiction. Newcastle was timorous without caution, and rushed into difficulties which he evaded by indecision; the fearless, positive, uncompromising Bedford, energetic without sagacity, and stubborn with but a narrow range of thought, scorned to shun deciding upon any question that might arise, grew choleric at resistance, and was known throughout America as ever ready to vindicate authority.'—p. 22.

Mr. Bancroft seems especially qualified for the office of historian by his remarkable freedom from prejudice, and by the generous qualities of his mind. In his details of the injustice

practised by this country towards his own there is no feeling of pique or resentment. He surveys all events from a certain liberal and philosophical elevation, and is ever as ready to do justice to the bravery or ability of an enemy as he is to applaud the successes of his friends. To French, English, or Americans he distributes the awards of his judgment on their proceedings, with a candour and fairness that no historian, even of a nation totally unconnected with those concerned, could exceed. Besides this, there is a fine benevolence, a love of whatever is liberal and progressive, and a spirit of poetry that feels the grandeur of the events recorded, and of the great actions of the chief personages of the story, and that kindles into enthusiasm at the contemplation of the magnificent lakes, the solemn primæval forests, and solitary mountain wilderness amongst which the heroic combat of freedom was fought out before the world. But by far the highest proof of the liberality and high moral tone of the author's mind is, as an American, that he boldly avows his conviction of the curse of negro slavery, a terrible touchstone not only to all writers on American affairs but to all visitors of high pretensions to its shores, as even Father Mathew and Kossuth have been made to feel.

The opening chapter, in which the author traces the progress of liberty, knowledge, and social union which led to the American revolution, is peculiarly expressive of the intellectual qualities we have thus given him credit for, and is at once eloquent and true. He says:—

‘The authors of the American revolution avowed for their object the welfare of mankind, and believed that they were in the service of their own and all future generations. Their faith was just; for the world of mankind does not exist in fragments, nor can a country have an insulated existence. All men are brothers, and all bondsmen for one another. All nations, too, are brothers, and each is responsible for the federative humanity which puts the ban of exclusion on none. New principles of government could not assert themselves in one hemisphere without affecting the other. The very idea of the progress of an individual people, in its relation to universal history, springs from the acknowledged union of the race.’—p. 4.

These are sentiments worthy of an historian, and Mr. Bancroft has executed his task so far with an ability equal to the breadth of his views. Of the magnificence of his subject he gives as clear a conception in a very few words:—‘Astonishing deeds,’ he says, ‘throughout the world, attended these changes. Armies fought in the wilderness for rule over the solitudes which were to be the future dwelling-place of millions. Navies hunted each other through every sea, engaging in battle, now near the region of ice-bergs, now amongst the islands of the

tropics. Inventive art was summoned to make war more destructive, and to signalize sieges by new miracles of ability and daring.' In the energetic spirit, and with the pictorial power which these passages indicate, Mr. Bancroft has traced the progress of the movements of this period—a period of contest more of principles than of arms, and preparatory to the mighty struggle which was to break the yoke of England for ever from the great western states.

We see the governors and generals of England following in the track of its miserable ministers at home, and for the most part equally imbecile. They seem to have but one feeling, that of securing their salaries, and one object, that of compelling the inhabitants to submit without question to the arbitrary dogmas and exactions of the feudalism of England.

We cannot present a more striking or eloquent view of the social scenery of the American states, at the commencement of this great conflict, nor of the religious spirit to which Bancroft traces the victorious ascendancy of the American colonists, than the following:—

'In the settlements which grew up in the interior, on the margin of the greenwood, the plain meeting-house of the congregation for public worship was everywhere the central point; near it stood the public school, by the side of the very broad road, over which wheels enough did not pass to do more than mark the path of ribbons in the sward. The snug farm-houses, owned as freeholds, without quit-rents, were dotted along the way, and the village pastor amongst his people, enjoying the calm raptures of devotion, "appeared like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year, low and humble on the ground, standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of the flowers round about; all in like manner opening their bosoms to drink in the light of the sun." These are the words of Jonathan Edwards; and Mr. Bancroft adds—"In every hand was the Bible; every house was a house of prayer; in every village all had been taught, many had comprehended, a methodical theory of the divine purpose of creation, and of the destiny of man!"

'Child of the reformation, closely connected with the past centuries, and with the great intellectual struggles of mankind, New England had been planted by enthusiasts who feared no sovereign but God. In the universal degeneracy and ruin of the Roman world, when freedom, laws, imperial rule, municipal authority, social institutions, were swept away—when not a province, nor city, nor village, nor family was safe, Augustin, the African bishop, with a burning heart, confident that, though Rome, tottered, the hope of man would endure, rescued from the wreck of the Old World the truths that would renew humanity, and sheltered them in the cloister, among successive generations of men, who were insulated by their vows from decaying society, bound to the state by neither ambition, nor by allegiance, nor by the sweet attractions of wife and child.

'After the sighs and sorrows of centuries, in the dawn of serener days, an Augustine monk, having also a heart of flame, seized on the same great

ideas, and he and his followers, with wives and children, restored them to the world. At his bidding, truth leaped over the cloister walls, and challenged every man to make her his guest; aroused every intelligence to acts of private judgment; changed a dependent, recipient people into a reflecting, inquiring people; lifted each human being out of the castes of the middle ages to endow him with individuality, and summoned man to stand forth as man. The world heaved with the fervent conflict of opinion. The people and their guides recognised the dignity of labour; the oppressed peasantry took up arms for liberty; men revered and exercised the freedom of the soul. The breath of the new spirit moved over the earth; it revived Poland, animated Germany, swayed the North; and the inquisition of Spain could not silence its whispers among the mountains of the Peninsula. It invaded France; and though bonfires, by way of warning, were made of heretics at the gates of Paris, it infused itself into the French mind, and led to unwonted free discussions. Exile could not quench it. On the banks of the Lake of Geneva, Calvin stood forth the boldest reformer of his day; not personally engaging in political intrigues, yet, by promulgating great ideas, forming the seed-plot of revolution; bowing only to the invisible; acknowledging no sacrament of ordination but election, no patent of nobility but that of the elect, with its seals of eternity.

Luther's was still a Catholic religion; it sought to instruct all, to confirm all, to sanctify all; and so, under the shelter of principalities, it gave established forms to Protestant Germany, and Sweden, and Denmark, and England. But Calvin taught an exclusive doctrine, which, though it addressed itself to all, rested only on the chosen. Lutheranism was, therefore, not a political party; it included prince, and noble, and peasant. Calvinism was revolutionary; wherever it came, it created division; its symbol, as set upon the "institutes" of its teacher, was a flaming sword. By the side of the eternal mountains, and the perennial snows, and the arrowy rivers of Switzerland, it established a religion without a prelate, a government without a king. Fortified by its faith in fixed decrees, it kept possession of its homes among the Alps. It grew powerful in France; and invigorated, between the feudal nobility and the crown, the long contest, which did not end till the subjection of the nobility, through the central despotism, prepared the ruin of that despotism by promoting the equality of the commons. It entered Holland, inspiring an industrious nation with heroic enthusiasm; enfranchising and uniting provinces; and making burghers, and weavers, and artizans, victors over the highest orders of Spanish chivalry, over the powers of the inquisition, and the pretended majesty of kings. It penetrated Scotland; and while its whirlwind bore along persuasion among glens and mountains, it shrunk from no danger, and hesitated at no ambition; it nerved its rugged, but hearty envoy to resist the flatteries of the beautiful Queen Mary; it assumed the education of her only son; it divided the nobility; it penetrated the masses, overturned the ancient ecclesiastical establishment, planted the free parochial school, and gave a living energy to the principle of liberty in a people. It infused itself into England, and placed its plebeian sympathies in daring resistance to the courtly hierarchy; dissenting from dissent; longing to introduce the reign

of righteousness; it invited every man to read the Bible, and made itself dear to the common mind, by teaching, as a divine revelation, the unity of the race and the natural equality of man; it claimed for itself freedom of utterance, and through the pulpit, in eloquence imbued with the authoritative words of prophets and apostles, spoke to the whole congregation; it sought new truth, denying the sanctity of the continuity of tradition; it stood up against the middle age, and its forms in church and state, hating them with a fierce and unconquerable hatred.

'Imprisoned, maimed, oppressed at home, its independent converts in Great Britain looked beyond the Atlantic for a better world. Their energetic passion was nurtured by trust in the Divine protection; their power of will was safely entrenched in their own vigorous creed; and under the banner of the Gospel, with the fervid and enduring love of the myriads who in Europe adopted the stern simplicity of the disciple of Calvin, they sailed for the wilderness, far away from "Popery and Prelacy," from the traditions of the Church, from hereditary power, from the sovereignty of an earthly king—from all dominion but the Bible, and "what arose from natural reason and the principles of equity." The ideas which had borne the New England emigrants to this Transatlantic world were polemic and republican in their origin and their tendency, and now had the centuries matured the contest for mankind.'—pp. 170—4.

But before the great and final contest came, there was a deed of darkness perpetrated against a whole people which has scarcely a parallel in the annals of the earth. It is a suitable specimen of whig mercies as they were exercised during the reign of George II. We allude to the forcible deportation of the French population of Nova Scotia, then called Acadia. The reader will recollect that this is the subject of Longfellow's beautiful poem of 'Evangeline,' but what might be supposed in that composition to have been heightened for poetic effect, is exceeded in intensity of barbarism in the plain prose narration:

'Acadia,' says our historian, 'that peninsular region abounding in harbours and in forests, rich in its ocean fisheries, and in the product of its rivers, near to a continent that invited to the chase and the fur-trade, having in its interior large tracts of alluvial soil, had become dear to its inhabitants, who beheld around them the graves of their ancestors for several generations. It was the oldest French colony in North America. There the Bretons had built their dwellings sixteen years before the pilgrims reached the shores of New England. . . .

'At length, after repeated conquests and restorations, the treaty of Utrecht conceded Acadia, or Nova Scotia, to Great Britain. . . . The old inhabitants remained on the soil which they had subdued, hardly conscious that they had changed their sovereign. They still loved the language and the usages of their forefathers, and their religion was graven upon their souls. They promised submission to England; but such was the love with which France had inspired them, that they would not fight against its standard, or renounce its name. Though conquered, they were French neutrals.

‘For nearly forty years from the peace of Utrecht they had been forgotten or neglected, and had prospered in their seclusion. No tax-gatherer counted their folds, no magistrate dwelt in their hamlets. The parish priest made their records, and regulated their successions. Their little disputes were settled amongst themselves, with scarcely an instance of an appeal to English authority at Annapolis. The pastures were covered with their herds and flocks, and dikes, raised by extraordinary efforts of social industry, shut out the rivers and the tide from alluvial marshes of exuberant fertility. The meadows thus reclaimed were covered by richest grasses, or fields of wheat, that yielded thirty and fifty-fold at the harvest. Their houses were built in clusters, neatly constructed, and comfortably furnished, and around them all kinds of domestic fowls abounded. With the spinning-wheel and the loom, their women made of flax from their fields, of fleeces from their own flocks, coarse but sufficient clothing. The few foreign luxuries that were coveted could be obtained from Annapolis or Louisburg, in return for fur, or wheat, or cattle.

‘Thus were the Acadians happy in their neutrality, and in the abundance which they drew from their native land. They formed, as it were, one great family. Their morals were of unaffected purity. Love was sanctified and calmed by the universal custom of early marriages. The neighbours of the community would assist the new couple to raise their cottage, while the wilderness offered land. Their numbers increased, and the colony which had begun only as the trading station of a company, with a monopoly of the fur-trade, counted perhaps sixteen or seventeen thousand inhabitants.’—p. 220.

Such were the people whom the British Government determined to drive out in a wholesale and indiscriminate eviction from their peaceable possessions. The English were in full and undisputed power in the country. No resistance was to be found. The Acadians were submissive and ready to take an oath of fealty to England, though not to pledge themselves to fight against France. France interceded, praying that they might be allowed to remove from the peninsula all their effects, but this was not permitted,—it had been determined upon, after the ancient device of Oriental despotism, that the French inhabitants of Acadia should be carried away captive to other parts of the British dominions, and that their flocks and herds should become a prey to the spoilers. To perfect the inhumanity, the population was not to be allowed to continue together in their banishment, but was to be broken up and distributed to various colonies on the continent:—

‘To hunt them into the net was impracticable; artifice, therefore, was resorted to. By a general proclamation, on one and the same day, the scarcely conscious victims, “both old men and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age,” were peremptorily ordered to assemble at their respective posts. On the appointed fifth of September they obeyed. At Grand Pré, for example, four hundred and eighteen unarmed men

came together. They were marched into the church, and its avenues were closed, when Winslow, the American commander, placed himself in their centre and spoke :—

“ You are convened together to manifest to you his majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his province. Your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the crown, and you yourselves are to be removed from this his province. I am, through his majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in.” And he then declared them the king's prisoners. Their wives and families shared their lot ; their sons, five hundred and twenty-seven in number, and their daughters, five hundred and seventy-six ; in the whole, women and babes, and old men and children all included, nineteen hundred and twenty-three souls. The blow was sudden ; they had left home but for the morning, and they were never to return. Their cattle were to stay unfed in their stalls, their fires to die out on their hearths. They had for the first day even no food for themselves or their children, and were compelled to beg for bread.

‘ The 10th of September was the day for the embarkation of a part of the exiles. They were drawn up six deep, and the young men, one hundred and sixty in number, were ordered to march first on board the vessel. They could leave their farms and cottages, the shady rocks on which they had reclined, their herds and their garners ; but nature yearned within them, and they could not be separated from their parents. Yet, of what avail was the frenzied despair of the unarmed youth ? They had not one weapon ; the bayonet drove them to obey ; and they marched slowly and heavily from the chapel to the shore, between women and children, who, kneeling, prayed for blessings on their heads, they themselves weeping and praying and singing hymns. The seniors went next. The wives and children must wait till other transport vessels arrived. The delay had its horrors. The wretched people left behind were kept together near the sea, without proper food, or raiment, or shelter, till other ships came to take them away ; and December, with its appalling cold, had struck the shivering, half-clad, broken-hearted sufferers, before the last of them were removed. “ The embarkation of the inhabitants goes on slowly,” wrote Monckton, from Fort Cumberland, near which he had burned three hamlets ; “ the most part of the wives of the men we have prisoners are gone off with their children, in hopes I would not send off their husbands without them.” Their hope was vain. Near Annapolis a hundred heads of families fled to the woods, and a party was detached on the hunt to bring them in. “ Our soldiers hate them,” wrote an officer on this occasion, “ and if they can but find a pretext to kill them, they will.”

‘ Did a prisoner seek to escape, he was shot down by the sentinel. Yet some fled to Quebec ; more than three thousand had withdrawn to Miramichi and the region south of the Ristigouche ; some found rest on the banks of the St. John and its branches ; some found a lair in their native forests ; some were charitably sheltered from the English in the wigwams of the savages. But seven thousand of these famished people

were driven on board ships, and scattered amongst the English colonies from New Hampshire to South Carolina alone. They were cast ashore without resources; hating the poor-house as a shelter for their offspring, and abhorring the thought of settling themselves as labourers. Households, too, were separated; the colonial newspapers contained advertisements of members of families seeking their companions, sons anxious to reach and relieve their parents, of mothers mourning for their children.

'The wanderers sighed for their native country; but, to prevent their return, their villages, from Annapolis to the Isthmus, were laid waste. Their old houses were but ruins. In the district of Minas, for instance, two hundred and fifty of their houses, and more than as many barns, were consumed. The live stock which belonged to them, consisting of great numbers of horned cattle, hogs, sheep, and horses, were seized as spoils, and disposed of by the English officials. A beautiful and fertile tract of country was reduced to a solitude. There was none left round the ashes of the cottages of the Acadians but the faithful watchdog, vainly seeking the hands that fed him. Thickets of forest-trees choked their orchards; the ocean broke over their neglected dikes, and desolated their meadows.

'Relentless misfortune pursued the exiles wherever they fled. Those sent to Georgia, drawn by a love of the spot where they were born as strong as that of the captive Jews, who wept by the side of the ruins of Babylon for their own temple and land, escaped to sea in boats, and went coasting from harbour to harbour; but when they had reached New England, just as they would have set sail for their native fields, they were stopped by orders from Nova Scotia. Those who dwelt on the St. John's were turned once more from their new homes. When Canada surrendered, hatred with its worst venom pursued the fifteen hundred who remained south of the Ristigouche. Once more those who dwelt in Pennsylvania presented a humble petition to the Earl of Loudon, then the British commander-in-chief in America, and the cold-hearted peer, offended that the prayer was made in French, seized their five principal men, who in their own land had been persons of dignity and substance, and shipped them to England, with the request that they might be kept from ever again becoming troublesome by being consigned to service as common sailors on board ships of war. No doubt existed of the king's approbation. The lords of trade, more merciless than the savages and the wilderness in winter, wished very much that every one of the Acadians should be driven out, and when it seemed that the work was done, congratulated the king that "the zealous endeavours of Lawrence had been crowned with an entire success."

'I know not if the annals of the human race keep the record of sorrows so wantonly inflicted, so bitter and so perennial as fell upon the French inhabitants of Acadia. "We have been true," they said of themselves; "to our religion, and true to ourselves; yet nature appears to consider us only as the objects of public vengeance." The hand of the English official seemed under a spell with regard to them, and was never uplifted but to curse them.'—pp. 230—35.

With this harrowing example of the conduct of our countrymen only about a century ago, we close our extracts. It is

certainly one of the most unchristian things in Christian history, and will never perish from the indignant memory of man. History and poetry have combined to imprint it in everlasting colours on the literature of the new world, and it will remain a blot on the British name as long as the woods and green fields of Nova Scotia last. Well would it be if it were a warning to those of our race who have still to bear rule in our distant colonies to remember that barbarity and oppression, though perpetrated in remote, and perhaps savage regions, yet in time reach the knowledge of civilized countries, and involve the honour of their native land.

What we have extracted will sufficiently indicate both the liberal and kindly spirit, the honest, sound principles, and the genuine ability with which this volume is written, and the deeply tragic incidents with which it abounds. The adventures of Washington, and other leading spirits in the wilderness, are episodes of real romance. But the coming volumes are destined to detail the crowning events, which for their magnitude, their exciting intensity of interest, and for their consequences on the fortunes of the human race, are not surpassed by any in the world's annals. These are in reference to them, but as the portico to the temple; and we await their narration by the same hand with corresponding impatience.

ART. VII.—*Cosmos; Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe.*
By Alexander von Humboldt. Vol. III. Part II. Translated under the superintendence of Colonel Edward Sabine, R.A., V. P., and Treas. R.S. London: Longmans; Murray. 1852.

THIS second part of M. Humboldt's third volume concludes his varied and comprehensive sketch of a physical description of the heavens. In our number for February we gave a brief outline of the first part of the volume, and we are happy to report the completion of this division of so great a work, and at the same time to lay before our readers an account of the contents of the concluding part. It opens with the following description of 'the nebulae.'

'Besides the visible celestial bodies which shine with sidereal light,—either by their own proper light, or by planetary illumination, either isolated, or variously associated, forming multiple stars, and revolving round a common centre of gravity,—we behold also other forms or masses having a milder, fainter, nebulous lustre. These—which are seen in some instances as small, disk-shaped luminous clouds, having a well-defined

outline, whilst in other instances their forms vary greatly, their boundaries are ill-defined, and they are spread over much wider spaces in the sky—appear at the first glance, to the assisted eye which views them through the telescope, to differ altogether from the heavenly bodies which have been treated of in detail in the four preceding sections. As astronomers have been inclined to infer from the observed but hitherto unexplained movements of visible stars, the existence of other *unseen* celestial bodies, so the experience of the resolvability of a considerable number of *nebulæ* has led in the present and most recent times to inferences as to the non-existence of any true *nebulæ*, and even of any cosmical or celestial *nebulosity* whatsoever. Whether, however, the well-defined *nebulæ* of which I have spoken be indeed composed of self-luminous *nebulous* matter, or whether they are merely remote, closely-crowded, and rounded clusters of stars, they must ever continue to be regarded as highly important features in our knowledge of the arrangement of the structure of the universe, and of the contents of celestial space.’—pp. 215—16.

Sir William Herschel estimated that these ‘*nebulæ*’ occupy $\frac{1}{10}$ of the entire surface of the heavens. The places of between three and four thousand have been determined. Their distance from us is beyond calculation. If they are clusters of stars, they obey some mysterious laws of gravitation. M. Humboldt traces the development of our present knowledge of the *nebulæ* from the earliest use of telescopes to the magnificent labours of Sir W. Herschel and his son, and the triumphant discoveries of Lord Rosse. The apparent distribution of the *nebulæ* is remarkable, being most numerous in the northern hemisphere, but more uniform in the southern. Their diversity of individual form is wonderful.

‘This is sometimes regular (spherical, elliptical in various degrees, annular, planetary, or resembling a photosphere surrounding a star), and sometimes irregular or amorphous, and as difficult of classification as are the aqueous *nebulæ* of our atmosphere, the clouds. The normal form of the celestial *nebulæ* is considered to be elliptical or spheroidal. With equal telescopic power, such *nebulæ* are most easily resolvable into star-clusters when they are most globular; and, on the other hand, when the compression in one direction, and elongation in the other, is greatest, they are the most difficult of resolution. We find in the heavens gradually varying forms, from round to elliptic, more or less elongated.—(‘Phil. Trans.’ 1833, p. 494, Pl. ix., figs. 19—21.) The condensation of the milky *nebulosity* is always progressive towards a centre, or, as in some cases, even towards several central points or nuclei. It is only in the class of round or oval *nebulæ* that double *nebulæ* are known, and in these, as there is no perceptible relative motion of the individuals in respect of each other (either because no such motion exists, or that it is exceedingly slow), we are without the criterion which would enable us to demonstrate the reality of a mutual relation, and which, in the case of double stars, we possess for distinguishing those which are physically from those which

are merely optically double.' (Drawings of double nebulae are to be found in the 'Philosophical Transactions for 1833,' figs. 68—71; compare also Herschel, 'Outlines of Astronomy,' § 878, and 'Observations at the Cape of Good Hope,' § 120.)—pp. 233, 234.

The account of the rare 'annular nebulae,' the 'planetary nebulae,' the 'nebulous stars,' and the larger nebulous masses of irregular form, is followed by minute descriptions of the great nebula round α Argûs, and other remarkable nebulae, including the 'Cape-Clouds,' and the section concludes with the following remarks on the additions which have been made to our knowledge of this department of science:—

'The consideration of the outermost and remotest strata of self-luminous worlds, the distances of nebulae, and all the subjects which have been crowded into the last of the seven sidereal, or astrognostic sections of this work, fill our imagination with images of time and space surpassing our powers of conception. Great and admirable as have been the advances made in the improvement of optical instruments within the last sixty years, we have at the same time become familiar with the difficulties of their construction not to give ourselves up to such daring, and, indeed, extravagant hopes as those with which the ingenious Hooke was seriously occupied between 1663 and 1665. There, also, we advance further and more securely towards the goal by moderation in our anticipations. Each of the successive generations of mankind is in its turn enabled to rejoice in the greatest and highest results attainable by man's intellect, freely exerted from the standing place to which art may then have risen. Without enumerating in determinate numbers the extent of space-penetrating power already achieved in telescopic vision, and without laying much stress upon such numbers, still our knowledge of the velocity of light teaches us that in the faint glimmer proceeding from the self-luminous surface of the remotest heavenly body, we have "the most ancient sensuous evidence of the existence of matter." '—pp. 257, 258.

From the heaven of fixed stars the author descends to our solar and planetary system. There is no *direct evidence* of dark bodies revolving round other fixed stars. Whether there be such analogous revolutions or not, it is probably not physically possible that they should be seen from our globe, and there is no unconditional necessity for assuming that they exist; for, as there are planets in our system without satellites—Mercury, Venus, and Mars,—it may be that there are also fixed stars without planets.

'If we pass from what is simply possible, and confine ourselves to what has been actually investigated, we shall be vividly impressed by the idea that the solar system, especially as the last ten years have disclosed it to us, affords the fullest picture of easily recognised direct relations of many cosmical bodies to one central one. In the astronomy of measurement and calculation, the more limited space of the planetary system, by reason

of this very limitation, offers, as compared with the consideration of the heaven of the fixed stars, incontestable advantages in respect to the evidence and certainty of the results obtained. Much of sidereal astronomy is simply contemplative; it is so in regard to star-clusters and nebulae, and also the very insecurely grounded photometric classification of the fixed stars. The best assured and most brilliant department in astrogony, and which in our own time has received such exceeding improvement and enlargement, is that of the determination of positions in Right Ascension and Declination, whether of single fixed stars, or of double stars, star-clusters, and nebulae. Measurable relations of a more difficult class, but yet susceptible of a greater or less degree of accuracy, are presented by the proper notion of stars; the elements by means of which their parallax may be sought; telescopic star-gazings, throwing light on their distribution in space; and the periods of variable stars and slow revolutions of double stars. Subjects which by their nature escape from the domain of measurement, properly so called—such as the relative position and the forms of sidereal strata and annuli; the arrangement of the structure of the universe; the effects of rapidly transforming agencies in the blazing forth and speedily succeeding extinction of what have been called new stars;—all affect the mind the more vividly and profoundly from the wide scope which they furnish to the fascinating exercise of the imaginative faculties.’—pp. 261, 262.

Abstaining from the questions that respect the relation of our solar system with others, the author limits himself to ‘the home circle of the solar domain itself.’ This ‘solar domain’ comprehends (so far as we know) twenty-two planets—MERCURY, VENUS, EARTH, MARS; *Flora, Victoria, Vesta, Iris, Metis, Hebe, Parthenope, Irene, Astraea, Egeria, Juno, Ceres, Pallas, Hygeia*; JUPITER, SATURN, URANUS, NEPTUNE. EARTH has one satellite, JUPITER has four, SATURN has eight, URANUS has six, NEPTUNE has two; in all, twenty-one. The number of comets whose paths have been calculated is one hundred and twenty-seven; of those, the furthest point of whose distance from the sun is within the orbit of NEPTUNE, the remotest planet, there are six. Besides these planets, satellites, and comets, it is probable that the *ring of the zodiacal light* lies between the orbits of Venus and Mars, and that the *meteoric asteroids* intersecting the Earth’s path at particular points may be comprised within the solar system.—Here is a noble description of the sun itself as a central body:—

“ ‘The luminary of the world (*lucerna mundi*) enthroned in the midst,” as Copernicus terms the solar orb—according to Theon of Smyrna, the “all animating, pulsating heart of the universe,” is to our planet the great source of light and radiant heat, and the exciter not only of many terrestrial electromagnetic processes, but also of the greater part of the processes of organic vital activity, and more especially of those of vegetable life. The sun, if we desire to indicate its influence and effects with the greatest generality, may be said to produce changes on the surface of the earth, partly by attraction of mass, as in

the ebb and flow of the ocean (if we abstract from the whole effect the portion due to lunar attraction), partly by light and heat, exciting undulations (transverse vibrations of the ether) operating both directly, and also by the fertilising intermixture of the ærial and aqueous envelopes of the planet, effected through the medium of the evaporation of the liquid element from seas, lakes, and rivers. To the solar agency are also due those atmospheric and oceanic currents occasioned by differences of temperature, of which the latter have acted for thousands of years, and still continue to act, though with less energy, in modifying the form and character of the terrestrial surface, in some places by abrasion, in others by the accumulation of transported detritus. The sun's influence operates, moreover, in producing and maintaining the electro-magnetic activity of the crust of the earth, and of the oxygen contained in the atmosphere; it acts sometimes silently and tranquilly in forces of chemical attraction, and in determining the varied processes of organic life in the endosmose of vegetable cells, and in the texture of muscular and nervous fibres; and sometimes with more obvious and tumultuous energy, by calling forth in the atmosphere luminous processes, coloured flashing polar light, lightning, hurricanes, and water-spouts.

. But the luminous undulations act not alone on the material world, decomposing and reuniting its substances in fresh combinations; they do not merely call forth from the bosom of the earth the tender germs of plants, elaborate in their leaves the substance (chlorophyll) to which they owe their verdure, and in flowers their tints and fragrance, and repeat a thousand and again a thousand times the sun's bright image in the sparkling play of the waves of the sea, and in the dew-drops on the blades of grass as the breeze sweeps over the meadow; the light of heaven in the various degrees of its intensity and duration, also connects itself by mysterious links with man's inner being, with his intellectual susceptibilities, and with the cheerful and serene, or the melancholy tone of his disposition, *Coeli tristitiam discutit sol et humani nubila animi serenat.*" (Plin. Hist. Nat. ii. 6.)—pp. 267, 8.

The principal facts which astronomical calculations have established respecting the sun are these:—Its mean distance from the earth is *eighty-two millions and seven hundred and twenty-eight thousand miles*; its diameter is 812 times greater than the diameter of the earth; its mass is 359,551 times that of the earth; it has 600 times more volume than all the planets put together; 'if we were to imagine the globe of the sun entirely hollowed out,' it would hold the earth in its centre and leave room for the moon's orbit, even though 'the semi-diameter of the said orbit were to be increased by upwards of 160,000 English geographical miles;' and moves round its own axis in 25 days, 8 hours, and 9 minutes. According to the observations of Galileo, Cassini, Wilson, Bode, Schwabe, the Herschels, Arago, compared with the discovery of chromatic polarization, the sun is an opaque body, encompassed, first, by a vaporous envelope, then a luminous envelope, and beyond

this, a third envelope which is dark, or faintly illuminated. The openings in these envelopes are believed to be the causes of those dark appearances of portions of the sun's orb, which have been called spots on his disk. Further evidence of this view of the composition of the sun is very interesting, and will be found in this volume, and in Sir John Herschel's 'Outlines of Astronomy.'

After the sun, the planets are exhibited in regard to their number, the dates of their discovery, and their comparative volume. Having given an elaborate exposition of the results of observation, M. Humboldt concludes his survey of the planets by saying :—

'In these general considerations respecting the planetary spheres, we have descended from the higher (probably not the highest) system—that of the sun—to the subordinate partial systems of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. As a tendency to generalization is, as it were, inborn in thoughtful and imaginative man,—as an unsatisfied cosmical anticipation seems to present to him, in the movement of translation of our solar system in space, the idea of an ascending relation and subordination; so, on the other hand, the possibility has been suggested, that Jupiter's satellites may, in their turn, be the central bodies around which revolve other secondary cosmical bodies, which remain unseen by reason of their smallness. Thus, individual members of the partial systems, which are principally found in the outer group of primary planets, would have other similar systems subordinated to them. Man's love of systematic arrangement is, it is true, gratified by repetitions of form in descending or ascending order, in images which are the creatures of his own fancy; but in severe and more earnest investigations, it is forbidden to confound an ideal with the real Cosmos, or to mingle the possible with the more sure results of observation.'—pp. 342, 343.

We must pass by M. Humboldt's interesting observations on particular planets, to present a condensed report of the results of observations on COMETS. After showing how the theory of intermediate gradations between planets and comets has been unsupported by later discoveries, and exposing the groundlessness of other ingenious suppositions respecting the origin of comets, he remarks :—

'It may not be without interest to reckon up the number of comets which have been seen in Europe with the naked eye during the last few centuries. The richest period was the sixteenth century, when twenty-three such comets were seen. The seventeenth had twelve, of which only two were in the first half. In the eighteenth century, only eight such comets appeared, whereas we had nine in the first half of the nineteenth. Of these, the finest were those of 1807, 1811, 1819, 1835, and 1843. In earlier times it has happened more than once that from thirty to forty years have passed without the record of such a spectacle having been once enjoyed. The years which appear poor in comets may, however, for aught we know, have been actually rich in large comets having their perihelions

situated beyond the orbits of Jupiter and Saturn. Of telescopic comets, there are now discovered, on an average, at least two or three a year. In three successive months in 1840, Galle found three new comets; from 1764 to 1798, Messia found 12; and Pons, from 1801 to 1827, found twenty-seven. Thus, Kepler's expression respecting the multitude of comets in space ("ut pisces in oceano"), almost appears to be justified.—p. 398.

Some of our readers will, perhaps, be surprised to learn the important facts that the careful register of comets in China extends back through a period of more than two thousand five hundred years; and that the Mexicans had entered the comet of 1490 in their register 'twenty-eight years before Cortes appeared for the first time on the coast of Vera Cruz.' Among the more recent and established discoveries respecting comets, we may enumerate the following facts:—They are of various appearance, shape, brightness, and colour. The proportion of the shortest to the longest period of revolution, dependent on the length of the semi-major axis, is as 1 : 2670; while in planets, it is as 1 : 683. Their light consists partly of polarized, and therefore of reflected solar light. They have an imperfect transparency. Instances are known of a comet parting asunder, and forming two comets. All the interior comets hitherto discovered have, unlike planets and satellites of our system, a direct motion from west to east. They are all subject to the attraction of the central body.

The 'ring of the zodiacal light'—the mild pyramidally-shaped light, visible to the naked eye in the tropical regions, is supposed to be caused by a detached, vaporous, flattened ring, revolving freely in space between the orbits of Venus and Mars; and M. Humboldt regards this as 'the most satisfactory hypothesis which presents itself in the present very defective state of our knowledge.'

M. Humboldt has collected a great number of observations on AEROLITES.—

'The falling aerolite affords the only instance of actual material contact with something foreign to our globe, "accustomed to know non-telluric bodies solely by measurement, by calculation, and by the inferences of our reason, it is with a kind of astonishment that we touch, weigh, and submit to chemical analysis, metallic and earthy masses, appertaining to the world without"—to the celestial spaces external to our planet; and that we find in them our native minerals, rendering it probable, as was already conjectured by Newton, that substances belonging to one group of cosmical bodies, or to one planetary system, are for the most part the same.'—p. 421.

With that matured learning which this great writer so aptly applies, he traces, in the ancient Grecian explanations of these

falling bodies, the gradual development of the germs which at length produced the discovery of the laws of circular motion by Huygens. By comparing the 'radiation,' or 'points of departure' recently observed in these falling stars, he is able to present some most remarkable and interesting conclusions. From these it appears that a large proportion of these meteors radiate from the constellation Perseus than from any other quarter of the heavens; that some of them are periodical; that others are sporadic and variable; that the mean number of '*sporadic shooting stars*' is from four to five *per hour*; that they are of different magnitudes and forms; that the number of the *periodic* falls averages from thirteen to fifteen *per hour*; that they are most rare in January, February, and March, and most frequent in August and November; that their height above the earth varies from 4 to 240 geographical miles; that some few are green, others orange; one-seventh of four thousand observations were yellow, and two-thirds were white; and that their relative velocity is more than twice as great as that of our planet. 'The strongest evidence of a cosmical origin is afforded by this result, taken in connexion with the circumstance, that periodical shooting stars continue for several hours to proceed, independently of the earth's rotation, from one and the same star, although the direction of the star may not be that towards which the earth is then moving.'—p. 435.

M. Humboldt cautions his readers against identifying meteoric fireballs with shooting stars. These fireballs or meteoric stones have been chemically analyzed, with some curious results, belonging to the geological portion of this work, which is not yet published. The present volume concludes with the writer's views of 'the stability of the planetary system.'

'The principal elements of this stability are, the invariability of the major axes of the planetary orbits demonstrated by Laplace (1773 and 1784), Lagrange, and Poisson; the long periodical variation, restricted within narrow limits, of the excentricities of two large and remote planets, Jupiter and Saturn; the distribution of the masses, since the mass of Jupiter itself, the greatest of all the planetary bodies, is only $\frac{1}{1048}$ of that of the all-controlling central body; and lastly, the arrangement, that, by the primordial plan of creation, and by the mode of their origination, all the planets of the solar system move in one direction both in regard to translation and to rotation, in orbits of small and little varying ellipticity, and in planets having only moderate differences of inclination; and that the periods of revolution of the different planets have no common measure.

'These elements of stability, elements, as it were, of the preservation and continuance of the "life" of the planets, are attached to the condition of mutual action within the interior of a circumscribed circle. If, by the arrival from the regions of exterior space of a cosmical body not previously

belonging to the system, this condition cease (Laplace, *Expos. du Syst. du Monde*, p. 309 and 391), then, indeed, there might ensue, as the result either of new forces of attraction, or of a shock, consequences injurious or destructive to that which now exists, until at last, after a long conflict, a new equilibrium should be produced. The consideration of the possible arrival of a comet in a hyperbolic path from remote regions, even though the smallness of its mass should be compensated by an enormous velocity, could only occasion uneasiness to an imagination which should be inaccessible to the re-assuring deductions of the calculus of probabilities. Those travelling clouds, the interior comets of our system, are as far from being dangerous to the stability of the system as are the great inclinations of the orbits of some of the small planets situated between Mars and Jupiter. That which must be designated as a mere *possibility* lies beyond the domain of a Physical Description of the Universe. Science ought not to pass from its true domain into the misty land of cosmological dreams.'—p. 451.

It is one of the disadvantages of M. Humboldt's method, that the reader is apt to be overwhelmed with the number and diversity of the facts brought before him, as well as confused by the want of that distinctness to which he may have been accustomed in the study of the separate sciences. But as a repertory of observations, and an epitome of physical literature, the entire work, we doubt not, will have a value all its own. It will probably become the means of exciting a healthy desire for exact information, and thus promote, to some extent, the real interests of science. On the one division of the 'Cosmos' embraced by this third volume, we avail ourselves of the extracts already given to suggest a few thoughts which, we hope, will not be unwelcome to readers whose habits would disincline them to elaborate and rigidly scientific discussions.

THE VISIBLE HEAVENS are spread around us, night and day, offering to the naked eye wide fields of space with an infinite variety of grandeur, brilliancy, and loveliness.

During the day our steps are guided by the familiar yet mysterious presence of *light*, touching every form as with an aerial garment, and painting everything with its own colour in an endless profusion of tints and shades, modified by passing through innumerable substances, bending back entire or unbroken from innumerable surfaces, and, by gentle touches of a delicate nerve, revealing to us the presence of things so near that we can touch them, or so far off that the practised intellect is strained to calculate their distance, and the wearied imagination folds its wing and gives up the attempt to follow it in thought. Our own earth, instead of being something contrary to the visible heavens, is a *portion of them*; so that we are as truly *in the heavens* where we are as we could be in any other point of space. One can hardly conceive of anything so perpetually assuring us

of the presence of God as this all-pervading luminousness. A world of blind men would, in all likelihood, associate their ideas of that Presence more vividly than we can understand, with the other entrances of wisdom; but as for us, the great Maker is perpetually showing us his curious, and exquisite, and ever multiplying works, by pouring everywhere around us the light of heaven, and endowing us with the glorious faculty of sight; and this faculty of sight—so manifestly bestowed for purposes beyond itself—for what purposes has it been given? If light is *made* for the eye, and the eye is *made* for light, are not both *made* for ulterior ends? Have we any means of learning what those ulterior ends are? One of them suggests itself at once. *The contemplative and reasoning mind is thus helped to commune with Him who is invisible.* As the mind cannot *directly* see the visible, and the eye is not the medium through which the *invisible* is apprehended, while yet there is an actual connexion between the two—between the physical phenomenon called sight and the spiritual act called apprehension—we cannot but conclude that there is something deeper than poetry in the images that diversify the sublime truth, ‘God is light.’ While to the eye, and through the eye to the mind, the majesty of his works is made known, the emotions excited by such discoveries are intended to arise to Him as the central fount of light, the creator of its properties, the disposer of its movements, the author of its harmonized subserviency to the complex purposes of infinite wisdom: thus does He become the object of thought, of devout admiration, of love, of worship, to the reflecting beholder of His works. As the light is not of earth, but radiates *or undulates* to it from the central orb of the solar system, the planets are rendered visible to us by their reflected light, and the sun itself shines on us with his own splendor. Confining our views, then, to the system to which our own planet belongs, with a brightness nearly two thousand times *less* than that of Venus, and nearly a thousand times *greater* than that of Jupiter and the remoter planets, we are able at all times to refresh the eye, the intellect, and the imagination with a panorama with which all the noblest works of man are unfit to be compared—the landscapes of earth—the ever-changing sea—the graceful and fantastic clouds—the silvery moon—the tremblingly brilliant Venus—the fiery Mars—and the majestic sun. With what feelings do we look on any part of this spectacle, so vast, so gorgeous, so infinitely varied? We blame the idolater who bows down to the celestial spheres in adoration; we rebuke the pantheist who imagines that all these sublime worlds are but the separate portions of the grand unity to which he gives the awful name of God; but have *we* no God beyond the precincts of our temples? Do we rever-

ently acknowledge in these dazzling lights of space the memorials and the proofs that He whom we cannot see is every where present, ordering their courses, kindling their fires, preserving their relations to each other, and to us, and to the boundless universe? Are we listening to the suggestions of the reason, the instincts of the heart, and the lessons of revelation? Men seem to forget that revelation appeals—from first to last—to these silent, yet constant witnesses of God's invisible perfections, and that in proportion to our habitual reverence of Him amid these witnesses, will be the depth, the solemnity, the humility, the devoutness of our affections, when His spirit teaches us from the Holy Book, or helps us in the unutterable yearnings of our worship. It is not possible to survey with calm intelligence the unveiled glories of the visible heavens without being either excited to devotion, or reproved by every cloud, and every sunbeam, and every planet, for our ungodliness. It is among the saddest reproaches of man, the severest proofs of that alienation from God with which the Gospel charges him, that while his philosophy saves him—if it *be* philosophy—from idolatry and from pantheism, he perverts the very perfection, and permanence, and amplitude of the divine operations into excuses for the practical ignoring of this presence.—It did not come within the plan of M. Humboldt to do more than describe the 'Cosmos,' and he has rigidly abstained from theological considerations. We are not presuming to criticise the wisdom of such a plan, or to judge of the religious emotions of one who has contributed so largely to our instruction and delight; yet we cannot forbear to animadvert on the habit which has become so prevalent of writing scientific treatises as though there were no God, and of so reading them as to forget him. We feel it to be not the least momentous of our own literary duties to do what in us lies to hinder this divorce of physical truth from theological belief and religious emotion. Deep as is our gratitude to those who teach us to look on the heavens with an intelligence that immeasurably enhances our admiration—to those especially who, by the aid of improved instruments, carry us so far into the depths of space with its endless successions of astonishing creations; while we regard the progress of astronomical science with profound interest and heartfelt joy; while we regard the conquests of reason and ingenuity and perseverance over ignorance, and prejudice and superstition with feelings allied to the triumphant;—we shudder at the impiety of contemplating these magnificent discoveries in cold abandonment of our noblest duty—the duty of acknowledging and adoring the Creator of all these wonders, and of the human powers by which they have been

explored for us, and expounded to us. Why expatiate on the beauties of a poem, and overlook the genius which produced them? Why lavish our admiration on the decorations of a temple without thinking of the architect? Still more—infinately more—emphatically, where is the sound judgment, the correct taste, the spiritual *wholeness* of the man who yields to the luxury of contemplation, or to the severer and purer satisfactions of the disciplined intellect amid the demonstrations of creating power and wisdom, without lifting up his heart in swelling praise to Him who puts forth all these demonstrations to awaken our attention and to win our love?

ART. VIII.—*Report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords, appointed to consider the Bill intituled ‘An Act for the Management and Regulation of Episcopal and Capitular Estates and Revenues in England and Wales.’* Ordered to be printed 25th of July, 1851.

2.—*Cathedral Trusts and their Fulfilment.* By the Rev. Robert Whiston. London: 1849.

3.—*Speech of Edward Horsman, Esq., M.P., on the Present State of the Cathedrals and Collegiate Churches.* London: Seeley. 1849.

IN a former article we exhibited and commented upon the disclosures made by the reports of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners touching the revenues accruing to the bishops of the Established Church. In conformity with an intention expressed in that article, we now proceed to give some account of capitular property. Our design embraces the origin and purpose of the funds pertaining to cathedrals to which deans and chapters are trustees; an exhibition of the way in which such trusts have been fulfilled, neglected, or perverted; and a view of the effect of the entire system on the character of the church and the interests of the people at large. In prosecuting this object, we shall draw all our facts from the unimpeachable sources specified at the head of this article, without further acknowledgment or reference.

The property held by chapters originated with the destruction of Roman-catholic religious houses by Henry the Eighth, these estates having been alienated and vested in a new order of trustees, under the name of deans and chapters, for purposes most clearly and minutely stated in the statutes by which each

of these cathedral establishments is constituted. The ostensible ground for the alienation and re-distribution of this property was, according to the testimony of Burnet and Strype, and of the statute of Henry the Eighth, 27, c. 28, "the well-known abuses and violations of the trust reported and believed of them." We are much mistaken if the reader will not agree with us, before he arrives at the conclusion of this article, that the above reasons constitute a most fortunate precedent, in accordance with which these now immense properties may be very summarily appropriated and applied to their original intents. What these intents were may be clearly learned from the following passage in the preamble to the charters of foundation:—"That youth may be liberally trained, old age fostered with things necessary for living, and that liberal largesses of alms to the poor in Christ, and reparations of roads and bridges, and other offices of piety teeming over from them might thence flow abroad far and wide to all the neighbouring places, to the glory of Almighty God, and the common welfare and happiness of the subjects of the realm."

Here is a fine field for the imagination of the philanthropist:—the liberal education and maintenance of youth, the support of age, the relief of poverty, the promotion of works of public utility, hospitals for the sick; in a word, every chapter the centre of a large circle of multifarious blessings,—of civilization, piety, and comfort.

Nor was the mode of carrying out these beneficent intentions left by any means indeterminate. A perfect scheme was drawn in the instance of every cathedral prior to its endowment. Of the different classes beneficially interested in those endowments, a brief extract from the statutes of Canterbury may be taken as a specimen of all those which regulate capitular property, and which, in the case of the other cathedrals, are for the most part in almost the same words. It is as follows:—"Of the entire number of those who have their sustentation in the cathedral and metropolitan church of Canterbury, First of all, we ordain and direct that there be for ever in our aforesaid church one dean, twelve canons, six preachers, twelve minor canons, one deacon, one sub-deacon, twelve lay clerks, one master of the choristers, ten choristers, two teachers of the boys in grammar, one of whom is to be the head master, the other second master, fifty boys to be instructed in grammar, twelve poor men to be maintained at the costs and charges of the said church, two vergers," and so forth.

The next part of this arrangement which requires observation is that these various beneficiaries were designed to be boarded and maintained in the cathedral establishment, the funds of

which were intrusted to the dean and chapter for this express purpose; and accordingly we find the office of caterer, cook, under cook, butler, &c., with a definite salary allotted in every cathedral to each of these humbler officials. So also we find the mention of a common hall, in which all of these, including the boys of the grammar school, were daily to take their meals, in addition to which a number of students, proportioned to the revenues of the chapter, were to be supported at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

Another most important feature in the constitution of capitular establishments is the strict proportion which was observed in the distribution of the revenues. No surplus was contemplated or provided for. No account was taken of future changes in the value of money, or in that of the estates with which cathedrals were endowed, as in relation to each other. The whole revenue was obviously designed to be absorbed by the charges upon it originally laid down, and the proportions in which it was allocated were to be strictly preserved. Thus, to take as an example the case of Canterbury, we have extant in the scheme for the foundation of that corporation a minute account of the charges for the dean, for each of the prebends, for each of the minor canons, for each of the twenty-four university students, and of the fifty boys at the grammar school, together with stated sums for a specified number of singing men, choristers, sextons, cooks; and a great variety of other subordinates, and the expenses of houses for the use of the preachers, amounting in all to £2543 3s. 11½*d.*; and at the foot of the account is added, ‘and so the church to have, if it please the King’s Majesty, in possession £2543 3s. 11½*d.*’

The same intention that a strict proportion should be maintained between the receipts of the various parties who were to divide between them the capitular revenues is further suggested by the fractional character of the allotted stipends. Thus we have, taking Ely as a specimen, each of the scholars and choristers appointed to receive £3 6s. 8*d.* per annum; each of the singing men and divinity students and the land steward £6 13s. 4*d.* per annum; each of the petty canons, the school-master for the choristers, and the auditor, to receive £10 per annum; each of the prebends to receive £20 per annum; the like sum to be annually distributed in alms, and the same also to be employed in mending highways. These, and a variety of other charges apportioned with equal minuteness, are added together, and form a total of £995 1s. 5½*d.*, immediately under which total we find in the original document,*—‘And so to bear

* A MS. in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

all charges, and to pay the tenths and first fruits, it may please the King's Majesty to endow the church with £995 1s. 5½d.*

These may be taken as examples of the general design and allocation of cathedral property. Upon the face of all these deeds of constitution, three principles are clearly manifested. The first is, that the entire revenue of the property of each cathedral was *de facto* absorbed, and was intended to be perpetually absorbed by the officers and objects to whom and to which it was originally allotted; secondly, that an accurate proportion was originally instituted, and intended to be permanently maintained between the amounts to be distributed to those various beneficiaries and public objects whose allotted receipts in their aggregate just equalled the income of the chapter; and thirdly, that an especial and most solemn obligation was imposed on the trustees of these funds, especially to regard the interests of the humbler class of recipients, to whom a proportionate interest in these revenues was supposed to be granted in perpetuity. 'We will,' runs the statute of Henry the Eighth, embracing a number of the cathedrals, 'that there be for ever in our church of — fifty boys, poor, and destitute of the aid of friends, to be maintained out of the property of our church, with dispositions (so far as may be) naturally inclined and fit for learning.' By the same statute it is enacted, that the education and liberal maintenance of these fifty boys shall be continued for five years, until they have a competent knowledge of and are able to speak and write in Latin; and in successive authoritative documents we find strict injunctions as to the liberality of their maintenance in the common hall. Thus, in cap. 24 of Elizabeth's statutes, which relates to the duties of the dean, it is said, 'Let him also look after the health of the boys whose liberal bringing up, both in learning and at table, we commit to his honour.'

Nor was the care of youth at the expense of the funds of chapters to be limited to the period of their education within the precincts of the cathedral. For the statute of Henry the Eighth closes with the following paragraph:—'Moreover, we direct, that out of the whole number of grammar boys who have their sustentation in our church, there be for ever maintained of those who have made greater progress than the rest, ten* students, where there are fifty scholars, in our university of Cambridge, and the same number at Oxford. To whom let the usual stipend be paid yearly for six years, unless they shall have gained a fellowship in any of the colleges.' Thus the benevo-

* The statute goes on to specify what proportion of youths are to be maintained at the universities where the number of scholars is smaller.

lent design with which these establishments were founded did not terminate, as far as the young were concerned, with the instruction of boyhood, but was designed to extend its influence over them until their education had been perfected by university learning, and their maintenance for life secured by university endowments.

To the fulfilment of these and all the other charitable provisions enjoined in the constitution of these establishments, deans and chapters have uniformly bound themselves by the following solemn oaths: 'I, A. B., who have been nominated, elected, and instituted a canon of this cathedral church of Christ, having in my hand the sacred and holy Gospels of God, swear, that I will keep all and every one of the statutes and ordinances of King Henry VIII. our founder, and will take care that they shall be kept by others, (so far as in me lies,) and that I will not hinder what may lawfully be done for the profit and honour of this church, but will study and promote its interests. All and every one of these things I will take on myself, so help me God, and these holy Gospels of God.'

The dean says in his oath—

'I call God to witness that I will well and faithfully observe all and every one of the statutes and ordinances of Henry VIII. our founder, and will take care that they shall be studiously observed by others so far as they concern them. So help me God, and these holy gospels of God.'

It must not be supposed that these oaths are, or ever have been, regarded as mere formalities; on the contrary, whenever it has suited the purpose of the deans and chapters, they have been put forward, as invested with the most solemn significance and obligation. Thus, Mr. Hope, in advocating these establishments in his place in parliament,* declares that they must mean something very serious and grave; so, too, the counsel of the dean and chapter of Rochester declared on the same day in the House of Lords on the part of his clients, that they conceived that short of the duty of obedience to an act of parliament, nothing could relieve them from the obligation of those oaths. Nay, on the memorial of the chapters of England, July 19th, 1836, against the supposed suppression of certain canonries and prebends; we find the following language, 'It is submitted that the proposed suppression is wrong in principle, involving as it does the subversion of ancient foundations, which have not ceased to be of service to the church; the violation of statutes *which are still observed*, and the more *serious question* of *conscience* as it regards the *solemnity* of oaths which have been

* Mirror of Parliament, 24th July, 1840.

taken as well by *visitors* as by *members* of cathedral establishments, and of which *the obligation is deeply felt and the sanctity revered.*' But the chapter of Canterbury speak in a tone of still deeper solemnity, for in addressing the ecclesiastical commissioners, they adopted the language of Archbishop Whitgift in reference to the same trusts, and adjured them, '*as they expected comfort at the last day, to dispose of the church's lands for Jesus' sake, as the donors intended.*'

From such language as this, the reader will naturally be led to suppose that the beneficent regulations of the various founders have been strictly observed. He would imagine that as the design of the foundation was ostensibly one of christian charity, especial regard would be had to the claims of the more needy and unprotected beneficiaries. In comparing such establishments with ordinary hospitals, alms-houses, and the like, he would naturally argue, that if in the latter cases the trusts are faithfully administered, though by men whose station in life affords the only guarantee of their integrity, with how much more sacred fidelity and tender consideration would charitable endowments be administered by men to whom the trust is confided, on the very ground of their profession to be moved by the most sacred impulses, to take on themselves the duty of enforcing upon others the claims of truth, righteousness, and charity. Let us see how the facts tally with these natural anticipations.

In illustration of the mode in which the designs of founders ought to be fulfilled, Mr. Whiston instances the conduct of the dean and chapter of Westminster, the provost and fellows of Eton, the warden and fellows of Winchester, the masters and fellows of Trinity and St. John's Colleges, Cambridge, and the governors of Charter House School. Without reciting the language of the various charters of incorporation or statutes of these collegiate bodies, it may be sufficient to state in general, that they are similar to those enjoined upon chapters for the regulation of cathedral schools in general, and further that the stipend allowed to the scholars and choristers was about of equal value in all cases. Thus, at Eton, it amounted to £3 6s. 8d. per annum, which is the exact amount allotted in the statutes of Chester, Durham, and Ely; tenpence a week also is allowed to each for commons, alike in Eton and Canterbury; eightpence at Winchester, and a shilling at Trinity College, Cambridge. Now what has been the course pursued in the exceptional cases referred too. At Eton, the actual worth of a foundation scholarship, instead of £3 6s. 8d., is not less than fifty-five pounds a year. At Winchester, where eightpence a week was allowed for the commons of each boy, and an allowance of cloth for a suit at christmas, £50 a year is a low esti-

mate of the cost of each scholar. At Westminster, where the yearly allowance was originally £3 14s. 2d. we now find a corresponding expenditure of £77 per annum. Again at Trinity College, Cambridge, the statutes allow to each foundation scholar, 13s. 4d. a year for stipend, 13s. 4d. for livery, and 1s. a week for commons, in all £3 18s. 8d. a year for a year's residence; yet this allowance of £3 18s. 8d. is raised to £64 7s. 8d. for a year's residence, while the annual allowance of £1 4s. for the foundation sizars has been raised to nearly £70 a year.

The reverse of the picture shall now be presented, as sketched by the hand of Mr. Whiston. Now, he says,—

‘If every such augmentation is only just, and required by an honest and conscientious regard to the intentions of a founder, what is to be thought of those chapters who, after all their professions about the obligations of statutes, and the “deeply felt sanctity of solemn personal oaths,” which require them *faithfully* to observe those statutes, and which statutes require them to find a *maintenance* for their foundation scholars; what, I would ask, is to be thought of them, if, after all this, they refuse to increase their scholars’ stipend at all, and augment their own thirty-four fold, from £20 to more than £680, as has been the case with the dean and chapter of Rochester? And if our condemnation of such conduct be instantaneous and irrepressible, what will it be on hearing that of this very body, one received for the seven years ending 1834, no less than £1426 6s. 2d. a year, instead of £100 as in 1544; and two others £680 19s. 8d. each, instead of £20, while their foundation scholars, during some of those seven years, were in number only five instead of twenty, and receiving £1 each, instead of £2 13s. 4d.?—a number, indeed, which was afterwards reduced from five to one.

‘For conduct like this, indignation can scarcely be too strong; it is, indeed, “but a generous emotion against the only deformity in creation—injustice and wrong.” But when we look at Canterbury, this feeling will be mixed with another, that of wonder and exceeding surprise; for, in their memorial of Nov. 26, 1836, the dean and chapter of Canterbury assert, “We are subjected to deduction from our dividends which *leaves* us by *no means* in the relative position to the church at large originally held by the chapter.” Now, these words may have a *double entendre*: an *esoteric*, or veiled meaning for the initiated, and a natural one for the ignorant. There are various reasonings for thinking so: (1st.) Because the founder (page 10) originally assigned £230 a year for the grammar school, and £481 15s. for the prebendaries; but the average cost of the grammar school for the seven years ending with 1834, was only £182 2s. 6d.; while the average yearly receipt of the twelve prebendaries for the three years ending 1831, was not £481 15s., but more than £12,000. (2nd.) Because, while a prebendary originally received £40 2s. 11d., a grammar boy had £4; whereas, for the three years aforesaid, a prebendary took more than £1010 a year, and left the poor boy £1 8s. 4d. (3rdly.) Because, out of the original revenue of

£2543 3s. 11½*d.*, the dean and chapter took only £781 15*s.*; whereas, for the three years aforesaid, out of £21,551, they took £14,377; *i. e.*, instead of one-third, they had about two-thirds.

‘With these facts before us,’ Mr. Whiston adds, with amusing irony, ‘it would really be quite wrong and foolish to maintain, that the dean and chapter of Canterbury were, in 1836, even after their deductions from their dividends, left in their original position relative to the “church at large;” and therefore it is, perhaps, better to admire their assertion for its ingenuity, than to condemn it for its inaccuracy. One would scarcely say that it is not quite true!’—(‘Cathedral Trusts,’ pp. 84—86.)

The case of Worcester is still worse. Instead of the stipend of £2 13*s.* 4*d.* originally allotted to each boy, he now gets only 5*s.* 10*d.* a year; while the stipend of the dean has risen from £100 to £1486 11*s.* 9*d.*; and that of each prebendary from £20 to £626 3*s.* 1*d.*

To revert for a moment to Rochester, it appears with regard to the masters, foundation scholars, and exhibitioners, that if the dean and chapter had increased the sum allotted for their alimony rateably with their own stipends, it would have amounted annually to £1812 13*s.* 4*d.* During the following years the payments devoted by the dean and chapter to these objects stands as follows:—

	£		£
1831 ...	9	1835 ...	6
1832 ...	6	1836 ...	3
1833 ...	5	1837 ...	1
1834 ...	5	1838 ...	1

At last, in 1839, there was no school at all. The dean and chapter pulled the building down, sold the site, and there was no scholar forthcoming to receive anything whatsoever.

An examination of almost all the chapters of cathedrals of the new foundation brings out an equally disgraceful result: thus at Peterborough, while the stipend of the dean has increased from £100 to £1166, the stipend of the poor grammar boy stands as in the year 1542, at £2 13*s.* 4*d.*; while at Ely, where the dean’s salary has swollen from £120 7*s.* 6*d.* to £1357, the allowance for the scholar is still the miserable pittance of 1542; with the further aggravation, that only seven boys receive it instead of twenty-four, as originally ordered. Instead of pursuing this examination, we will present a general view of the distribution of cathedral funds in the following table, drawn up by Mr. Whiston:—

CATHEDRALS.	Expenses of grammar schools per annum.		Net receipts of Deans and Chapters per annum.	
	In 1542.	Average of for seven years ending 1834.	In 1542.	Average of for seven years ending 1834.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£	£
Canterbury	230 0 0	182 2 6	782	9830
Bristol	20 0 0	65 14 0	220	3382
Carlisle	13 6 8	20 0 0	209	3902
Chester	131 6 8	114 16 0	220	1067
Durham	76 13 4	340 2 6	674	32,160
Ely	104 13 4	40 19 0	280	6418
Gloucester	20 0 0	36 7 10	220	4027
Christ Church, Oxford .		30 0 0	260	14,738
Peterborough	78 0 0	82 19 0	220	4401
Rochester	99 18 6	126 13 1	220	5511
Winchester			579	9139
Worcester	126 12 8	240 7 10	333	7748
Westminster	192 0 0	1397 6 1	571	17,555

In one word, the large sums specifically designed, and now available for the board and education of the deserving children of the poor, and to the minutest fraction of which, doled out to the cathedral school, we owe some of the greatest names that adorn the ranks of the learned professions, have been fraudulently alienated in defiance of the most solemn oaths, and the most touching claims of humanity and justice, to augment the luxury of lazy pluralists and sinecurists, whose habits of life, useless for the most part where they are not injurious, would reflect dishonour upon any corporation whatever. Assuredly, the declaration of Archbishop Cramner—‘That commonly a prebendary is neither a learner, nor a teacher, but a good viander,’ is what the Bishop of Exeter would call a ‘catholic truth.’

But the youthful beneficiaries of cathedral funds are by no means the only parties who have to complain of the unprincipled cupidity of deans and chapters. ‘The minor canons,’ says the Bishop of London, ‘do the greater part of the duty in all cathedrals.’ Let us see how they have fared amidst the vast increase of wealth which has befallen their superiors. At Canterbury, the income of a minor canon was appointed by the statutes as one-fourth of that of a prebendary, or canon. In 1849, while the canon enjoyed £1010 per annum, the more laborious functionary was allowed only £80. At Rochester, where the statutable proportions was as two to one, the canon had, in 1848, £680 19s.; the minor canon, £30. At Peterborough, where the minor canon is entitled to one-half, the

canon had at the same date £539, the minor canon £52. At Worcester and Bristol, where the statutable proportion is the same, the canon in 1840 had an income, at Worcester, of £626; the minor canon having only £36; and at Bristol, £415, the minor canon having £40.

Indeed, the fraud and rapacity of chapters appears to increase in proportion to the humble and unprotected condition of those beneficially interested in the funds. In each of these cathedrals, it is ordained by the statutes that a specified number of poor men are to be maintained at the cost and charges of the church; at Canterbury twelve, at Durham eight, at Peterborough and Rochester six; and so of the rest. These are specially designated in some of the statutes as persons decayed in the royal service; while in others, they are only mentioned as persons reduced to poverty and want. The stipend allotted to each of these pensioners is, in almost all cases, just one-third of that of a prebendary; though at Canterbury, where the income of the prebendary is double the ordinary amount, that of the bedesman, as they are called, is one-sixth. Let us see how much the contemplated objects of the founder's bounty are benefited by this considerate arrangement. If their proportions of the funds had been preserved to them, they would each be now in the enjoyment of an income in the case of Canterbury of about £170 a year; whereas the pittance of £6 13s. 4d. per annum remains unaugmented. At Rochester, where a proportionate increase would have raised the bedesman's stipend to nearly £230 a year, the benefaction has been altogether discontinued beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant; while, as if to parade their abominations, a farce has been enacted until a comparatively recent date, which, but for the disclosures recently made, would be absolutely incredible. On the day appointed for distribution, the last recipients of the dole, who had been in their graves for many years, were called upon by name, thus—

‘Thomas Smith stand forward and receive your alms!’

‘John Featherstone stand forward and receive your alms!’

Yet it is this very chapter of Rochester, who, in a memorial addressed to the House of Lords in 1836, assert that the suppression of useless prebends was wrong, as involving ‘*the violation of statutes which are still observed, and the more serious question of conscience, as it regards the solemnity of oaths which have been taken as well by visitors as by members of cathedral establishments, and of which the obligation is deeply felt, and the sanctity revered!*’ And it is these same Canterbury gentlemen who warned the ecclesiastical commissioners ‘as

they expected comfort at the last day, to dispose of the church's lands, for Jesu's sake, as the donors intended !'

The case is much the same in the other cathedrals. Thus, at Peterborough, instead of six persons each with an allowance of £180 a year, we find that number cut down to two, and the stipend confined to £6 13s. 4d., as granted in the year 1542. The same sum at Ely stands in the place of £210 a year, which represents the humbler beneficiaries' proportionate share of the fund. At Chester, the same amount is all that is received of £170 per annum; while at Durham, £20 is the actual amount of a benefaction, which in all equity should be no less than about £460 a year.

Nor should we omit to notice, that some of the means by which the wealth of deans and chapters is thus aggrandized, are as illegitimate as the spoliation of the poor and the unprotected is infamous. No small amount of their large stipends arises from the division of fines on the renewal of capitular leases, upon which their statutes are either silent altogether, or else mention them in the way of absolute prohibition, or in a third class of cases, forbid their appropriation by deans and chapters, and command the strict reservation of them for the general purposes of the church. On this point we shall not enlarge; we only adduce it as an additional instance of the systematic violation of the intention of the founders, on the part of the dignified clergy.

But even this is not all, the deans and chapters of our cathedrals are frequently the managers *ex-officio* of various hospitals, that is, alms-houses, situated in the cathedral city, and more or less richly endowed for the benefit of the poor, the aged, and the infirm. As a specimen of the way in which this trust is commonly fulfilled, Mr. Horsman, in his speech on the present state of the cathedrals and the collegiate churches, on the 16th of May, 1848, takes one of the hospitals of Canterbury, endowed with an estate of about two hundred acres, as an example: his statement is as follows:—

'It appears that the nomination of the poor brethren rests with one of the chapter, Archdeacon Croft; who, instead of always nominating poor people who are residents of Canterbury, has named several of his own parishioners of Saltwood, and servants or dependants of his own. Another gentleman, said to be one of the most wealthy in Canterbury, a gentleman who held the office of surveyor to the dean and chapter, with a salary of £500, and who was also wood-ranger and seneschal, and as such managed the whole estates of the dean and chapter, has been appointed by Archdeacon Croft one of the poor brethren. This gentleman's name is Austin, and he not only has been nominated a poor brother, but also prior of the hospital. This is not all, for there are several other

members of the Austin family quartered on the charity. Let the House remember that the hospital has been founded for decayed and poor old men and women, and yet they find upon it a family of some of the wealthiest people in the city. (Hear, hear.) But I have not told you the worst. The prior has the management of the estate of the hospital, and how does Mr. Austin manage it? I am informed that he let it privately to his own son, whether at a real or nominal rent, no one in Canterbury can discover, but the whole place felt scandalized by the transaction. (Hear, hear.) One word more in reference to the patron and manager, Archdeacon Croft. The archdeacon is the son-in-law of a late archbishop, and in respect of his emoluments he is not a bad sample of the old system. His stall in the cathedral is worth £1000 per annum, his archdeaconry £500, as rector of Cliffe he receives £1300, and as rector of Saltwood £784, so that he is receiving altogether about £3,584 per annum, and yet he has not hesitated thus to interfere with the due course of charity and benevolence.'

Now we beg the reader to contract into one view the facts which we have thus stated, and which, did our space permit, we could multiply indefinitely, and we challenge him to produce a parallel to them from the most comprehensive catalogue of wrongs and impostures, public or private, within his reach; only excluding from his inquiry two sources of information, to wit, the financial statistics of the Church of England, and the 'Newgate Calendar.' If these abuses are to be tolerated from a conservative regard to a deep-rooted system, whose very shade is pestiferous, to be punned away as *clerical* errors, or joked about as loaves and fishes, and the prizes in an ecclesiastical lottery, what are we to think of the fate of Dr. Dodd and Mr. Fauntleroy?

We now come to the important inquiry, what duties do the capitular bodies perform in return for their plethoric revenues, and what is the effect of the system upon the church and the people? And here we shall confine ourselves to the testimony of Mr. Horsman, who is at once a laborious and accurate investigator of facts, and a zealous churchman, though an earnest ecclesiastical reformer. In calling him as a witness, however, we cannot help expressing our surprise and regret at the querulous tone in which he frequently refers to the successful efforts of dissenters to instruct and evangelize those whom the church neglects:—

'Wherever,' he says, 'these venerable cathedral establishments are seen to raise their heads, there the church is always found to be weakest, and there dissent will be found to be most active and most rife. This, though a strong statement, I am prepared to prove, not by any general averments, but by a detail of the different cathedral establishments of the country as they now exist. I am prepared to take the House from

diocese to diocese, and to show, from one end of the country to the other, that they, in every instance, as now administered, tend to the weakening rather than the promotion of Christianity.'

Now we think that Mr. Horsman, in making this statement, ought to have expressed some of the pleasure which we feel in reading it. If dissent flourishes in the cathedral towns of the provinces, it is certainly the only thing which does, and we can only account for its growth on horticultural principles,—that is, from the putrescent richness of the soil. There is a wonderful amount of ammonia in a cathedral; indeed, this may supply the reason why the inhabitants of Lichfield, and Wells, and Ely, and Peterborough, do not spend their lives in what doctors would call a comatose condition. They are kept awake by the sneezing and lachrymation,—the chronic catarrh occasioned by the pungent exhalations from the chapter-house. Most of our readers are, doubtless, acquainted with a necropolis of this kind; and if they have read Washington Irving's 'Legend of Sleepy Hollow,' they will connect the two together by a natural association. The tradesman at the door instead of being behind the counter; the street so still that one may hear the buzz of the summer insect; the very dresses of the male inhabitants, lounging coats and garden hats; the schools as empty as the streets; the sparse population of the former being nourished solely by rations of Eton Latin Grammar and Church Catechism; the inane gossip; the spirit of *caste* exhibited in the form of the lowest *flunkeyism*; existence itself a monotonous negation—the not being dead—and all the business of life transacted in plain chaunt,—all proclaim the residence of a dean and chapter. They remind the classic reader of Ovid's 'Cave of Sleep,' or of the description from the pen of Tacitus of a scene after a Roman victory: *ubique silentium; nemo exploratoribus obviis*; or perhaps of the language of a British classic: 'The enemy (*videlicet* the chapter) needs not to proclaim his triumph; it will be felt in the more expressive silence of extended desolation.' We repeat that if, in such a moral wilderness, there are found some untitled Christians who are in so far successors of the apostles that they 'attend to the neglected, and remember the forgotten,' this should be with Mr. Horsman a matter of the most hearty gratulation.

But our present business is not with earnest Christians, but with deans and chapters. With respect to these, two systems appear to be prevailing concurrently. Those whose ecclesiastical patronage bears a date anterior to 1840 appear to have an unlimited licence to hold a plurality of benefices in the gift of the chapter. Indeed, the Commissioners of Inquiry

in 1836 recommended that all such preferments should be compulsorily divided between members of the chapter, the most deserving of the neighbouring clergy being excluded from all participation in them.

'In the See of Canterbury,' says Mr. Horsman, 'the act of 1840 has reduced the number of stalls in that cathedral to six. Its revenues are about £20,000 per annum, of which £8000 is divided among the chapter,—the dean taking two shares, and each of the canons one share. Now, besides the estates from which this revenue is derived, the dean and chapter are patrons by themselves, or their nominees, of about forty livings, and by law they may present themselves to these livings, each canon being permitted to hold one benefice in conjunction with his cathedral stall. At present most of the canons hold several livings; but passing by those held in plurality, and selecting only the richest one held by each, I find that seven members of the chapter hold among them seven benefices (to several of which they have been presented by other patrons), of the annual value of £9200; so that, under the law as remodelled, there being nothing to prevent their holding seven such livings, the dean and chapter of Canterbury may divide amongst them £17,000 per annum.'

Now, our first inquiry respects the effect of this costly arrangement upon the cathedral services, the due and solemn performance of which it professedly contemplates. Mr. Horsman informs us that he has ordered a census to be taken of the attendance on the services at our provincial cathedrals on days promiscuously selected. We subjoin a few of the returns indicating the proportion between the congregation and the clergy, and others attending officially at Canterbury. The average was found to be—In the morning, twenty-one officials, with a congregation of twenty-five; in the afternoon, twenty-two officials to a congregation of fifty-three. This is, however, an unusually favourable instance. The attendance in a few other cathedrals we will exhibit in a tabular form:—

	Officials.	Congregation.
York	23	50
Durham	32	4
"	33	37
"	33	11
"	32	25
"	33	6
"	32	28
Peterborough . .	12	7
Wells	19	22
Carlisle	17	9
Rochester	22	14
Oxford	15	18
Lincoln	24	8

It must, therefore, be admitted, that so far from giving the public great advantage from week-day services, there is not, in that respect, much return made by these richly-endowed establishments, and it is evident that the inhabitants, instead of availing themselves of these services, actually shun them; because it cannot be doubted that a great part of these congregations consists either of visitors, attracted to the cathedral by the beauty and antiquity of the edifice, or of the families of the dignitaries residing. In Canterbury and other places mentioned, comparing the population and attendance, I find the following table as the result:—

PROPORTION OF CATHEDRAL WEEK-DAY ATTENDANCE TO POPULATION AND OFFICIALS.

	Population.	Average Attendance.	Proportion to Officials.
Canterbury	15,000	39	Not double of Officials.
York	30,000	50	2½ of Officials.
Durham	13,000	18	One half.
Peterborough	7,000	6	One half.
Carlisle	20,000	8	One half.
Wells	4,000	22	About the same.
Rochester	12,000	14	Two thirds.
Oxford, exclusive of University.	23,000	18	About equal.
Lincoln	13,000	8	One third.

This ‘beggary account’ need awaken no surprise. The disgustingly perfunctory manner in which these services are performed, and the mechanical gabble in which the sublimest passages of scripture are rattled over, presents the whole thing to the view of thinking men as a mere farce,* and this coupled with the facts which we have already stated, and are about to relate, and which are necessarily more notorious in the cathedral cities themselves than elsewhere, sufficiently accounts for the fact, that the daily services are ‘shunned’ by the inhabitants.

But it will be asked, what are, *bona fide*, the duties of these officials? In reply, we will give all the information that the ecclesiastical commission succeeded in obtaining from them. The question, ‘What are the duties attached to your office of dean?’ elicited the following instructive reply: ‘The duties

* Rapidity of enunciation is regarded as a cardinal accomplishment, and a well-known member of the University of Cambridge commonly passed by the name of Pontius Pilate, from his having challenged any reader in the university to race him through the Apostle’s Creed, giving him a start of the words, ‘Suffered under Pontius Pilate.’

attached to my office of dean are the usual duties of a cathedral dean.' From this functionary the commissioners turned to the sub-dean, with the inquiry, 'What are the duties attached to your office?' The sub-dean replied, 'My duties are to act for the dean in his absence.' This highly satisfactory consultation of the capitular oracle will remind the reader of the old story: 'What are you doing, Tom?' 'Nothing, Sir.' 'What are you doing, Jack?' 'Helping Tom, Sir.' From the sub-dean, the commissioners turned to the chancellor, and begged to know what were the duties of his office. The response was, 'The usual duties of a cathedral chancellor.' At length, an intelligible statement was obtained from the precentor, who, in reply to the usual question, stated, that his duties were to superintend the choir and to preach once a year.

'Now,' Mr. Horsman observes, 'the superintendence of the choir by him is purely nominal; the choir is left to the management of the singing-master; and I believe that the precentor usually knows as little of music as of navigation, and no more interferes with the duty of singing-master than he would with the cooking of the chapter dinner. His duty of preaching once a-year was intelligible and specific, though it may be found somewhat arduous. In fact the whole duty of the dean is to reside eight months in the year in a house provided for him; and the canons have to reside three months each, and to preach occasionally on Sundays while in residence, but to take no part in the daily service of the cathedral.'

In the debate in the House of Commons on church extension, on the 1st of July, 1851, Sir Benjamin Hall made the following statement, respecting the duties performed by deans and chapters, taking Rochester as a sample:—

'The dean preached twelve times from December 1 to April 1, and attended service four times; his income was £1400 per annum. One canon preached twelve times in two years; has a residence, with income of £680. Another, with £780, preached twice last December, but had not preached since, though he had an additional £100 a year, because it was represented to the ecclesiastical commissioners that the duties were so laborious! He is also vicar of Chadham, with a population of 16,000, and three villages in Dorsetshire. Another canon has not been in Rochester for three years, and has sold off all his goods and gone off. Up to the month of June, 1851—up to yesterday—no canon preached on any Sunday, not even Whitsunday, with the exception of Ascension Day. Minor canons did all the work, with no additional pay; two of them got £150 per annum, the others £30. In a few days the cathedral will probably be closed, and then they might go and enjoy themselves, as they generally did. The bishop receives from £5000 to £6000 a year; the dean, £1400; the canons, £680 each, and £100—£3500; making a total of £10,900. The dean and five canons hold additional incomes to the amount of £7740; total, £17,640 per annum.

Let us now cross the precincts of the cathedral, and see how far the neighbouring parishes of the town and county are benefited by the staff of rich ecclesiastics stationed in their midst. On this, as on former topics, our facts must be confined to one or two dioceses, which may be taken as fair illustrations of the system. In the debate above referred to, Sir Benjamin Hall made the following statement, with reference to the parishes in the diocese and Isle of Ely:—

‘The value of the living at Wisbeach was—St. Peter’s, £1311 10s.; St. Mary’s, £879: total, £2190 10s. Vicar, absent about six months in the year, is also prebendary of Ely, £700; and vicar of Waterbeach, £500. The total income was £3390 10s., which he obtained because he was son-in-law to Bishop Sparkes! In the adjoining parish of Walsoken, the rectory was worth £1293. The rector was non-resident. The rector of Levrington (value £2099) was non-resident; he was also canon of Ely, £700, and rector of Gunthorpe, £534: total income, £3333. Mr. Sparkes, the rector, was the son of a former bishop. The vicar of Emneth (value £2990) was non-resident; he was also prebendary of Brecon. The rector of Tydd, St. Giles, £1200, was resident in Germany; he paid his curate £120; the population was 900; very few attended church. The rector of Tydd, St. Mary’s, £1200, was also non-resident; he was prebendary of Lincoln, £1000, and rector of Woolbeding, £227: total income, £2327. Here were five clergymen receiving £11,143, and not doing any duty, and one clergyman receiving £3390, and doing duty when it suited his convenience.’

It would be easy, did our space permit, to go through all our cathedrals *seriatim*, and develop in each a similar state of things. We will only add the instance of Lincoln, which Mr. Horsman has investigated with great minuteness. There are twenty-seven livings in the patronage of the chapter. Of the eight richest Mr. Horsman says, ‘The first was, till lately, held by the son of the late dean; another by Mr. Pretymán, the chancellor, and son of a former bishop; two more by a relative of Mr. Pretymán’s, who holds two other preferments in the diocese, making four in all; another by a son of this same pluralist; another by another son; and two by an old incumbent, who has no connexion with the chapter.’ These are the richer livings. But, now, look how the poorer ones are filled. It is needless to say the chapter do not present themselves to *them*, and they are indeed in a most melancholy state. Of the whole twenty-seven livings, only eleven have residences upon them; of the thirteen poorer ones, only two have residences; of these thirteen, four are held by minor canons of the cathedral, one of whom holds no less than three; a fifth by a former master of the grammar school; a sixth by the present master: of the others, two are held by one individual, and two others in

plurality. The result of the whole twenty-seven livings is as follows:—The twenty-seven are held by twenty-one incumbents, of whom twelve are non-resident, and nine have other duties to perform, independent of the livings they hold from the chapter.

After this we are not surprised at the following testimony from a Lincolnshire clergyman, which was read by Mr. Horsman to the House. ‘The churches and parishes, where deans and chapters are the appropriators, are almost without exception through this country, in a most forlorn, wretched condition, with a starving parson, a falling church, and for want of schools, a people degraded both morally and intellectually.’ Mr. Horsman next gives a return of the attendances at the established churches and the dissenting chapels of Lincoln, taken on the same Sunday. In the thirteen churches, only nineteen services are performed; in ten dissenting chapels, there were twenty-one services. The largest number present at the churches collectively at one service, was 1075; at the dissenting chapels, three times that number.

And now with respect to the circumjacent parishes of this rich cathedral—

‘I have a return,’ says the same authority, ‘of seventy-five parishes within ten or twelve miles of Lincoln, almost every one of which has been personally visited, and regarding which I am furnished with the most minute details. I will give the House a mere summary of the result of this inquiry. In the whole seventy-five parishes, there are only thirty resident incumbents and twelve resident curates; and there are thirty-four of them without a clergyman of any kind resident in their boundaries. In eight cases the officiating clergyman lives at Lincoln, either in consequence of connexion with the cathedral or some other cause. In twenty-two cases the minister who officiates on the Sundays lives in some more or less distant parish. Of the seventy-five livings, forty-four are held in plurality, forty-five are held by non-resident ministers, forty-two are without any parsonage-house, and sixty have only one service in the day. It is impossible to conceive any district in a state of greater neglect than that immediately around the parishes I have referred to. I will not go minutely into the state of the clergy themselves. I could show their poverty, their privations, their sufferings; I could show cases that have occurred where it would not be too much to say, that clergymen have died in a state of destitution bordering on starvation; I could show from the letters of gentlemen of the highest character resident in those districts, that there could not be a more harrowing tale than the sufferings of these clergy.’

To make this case complete, we need only add that it is since these facts were exposed in parliament, that the Marquis of Blandford has brought forward in the same House his motion for church extension, and his appalling statement of what he

calls the spiritual destitution of this country. Quoting the report of a commissioner, he says, 'It has been ascertained by your majesty's commissioners appointed to inquire into the practicability and mode of subdividing all densely peopled parishes in England and Wales, that there is a pressing demand for the creation of 600 new churches, which should in most cases have parishes assigned to them, and these, of course, involve the appointment of one clergyman at least to each; 600 additional churches, therefore, with as many clergymen attached to them, is the first great want towards rendering effective our parochial system.'

His lordship further cites a number of parishes selected from all parts of England and Wales, in order to show for what proportion of the inhabitants there is church accommodation. In St. Ann's Limehouse, and Swansea, the proportion is one twelfth, in St. Martin's Birmingham, and St. George's Southwark, it is one eleventh, in St. Giles's Durham, and in Middlesburgh, it is one sixteenth. Again, reckoning 2000 as the largest number that a clergyman can effectually superintend, he adds, 'In thirteen great parishes of the metropolis, all of them with a population above 10,000 souls, and some of them four times that amount, containing an aggregate population of 762,383 souls, we find a body of 141 clergy, leaving a deficiency of 237, or 474,000 souls nearly uncared for.'

We confess we cannot altogether sympathize with the Marquis of Blandford's lamentations. In the spirit invariably engendered by a state church, he ignores to a great extent the labours of all other denominations than his own. Thus, his statement proves not the spiritual destitution of the people, but the spiritual inefficiency of the Church of England. It is only another sermon on the text, 'the hireling fleeth because he is an hireling and careth not for the sheep.' Before we mingle our tears with his lordship's, we must know to what extent the lacking service of a perfunctory clergy is supplied by other denominations, through the agency of real ministers and of private Christians whose heart is in their work.

We have thus presented one more view of the effects which flow from the state endowment of religion. They cannot be too frequently published, or too deeply pondered. And it is the more imperative on a free press and a free parliament to perform this duty, inasmuch as it appears that some private persons cannot do the same without grievous detriment alike to their reputation and their fortune. Since we commenced this article, Mr. Whiston, who, for writing the admirable pamphlet before us, was deposed by the dean and chapter of Rochester from the head mastership of the cathedral school, amidst

the regrets of his pupils, and the indignant protest of the whole city, has appealed to a court, consisting of the bishop, Mr. Baron Parke, and Dr. Lushington. After a most luminous and triumphant defence, the delivery of which occupied seventeen hours and a-half, he was dismissed by his apostolical diocesan to the outer darkness of the Court of Chancery. But this desperate and demented struggle to exclude the light and silence the voice of truth and justice cannot last long. It is the beginning of the end; and if the darkest hour is that which immediately precedes the dawn, surely our Christian fellow-countrymen may at last cast some hopeful glances to the east.

Brief Notices.

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Regal Rome: an Introduction to Roman History. By Francis W. Newman, Professor of Latin in University College, London. London: Taylor, Walton, and Maberly. 1852.

WE are glad that Mr. Newman has come, with a discriminating judgment and competent learning, to the inexhaustible discussions relating to the early history of Rome. He divides his book into three parts. Part I., or Alban Rome, treats of Earliest Italy and Latium—the Latin language—and Rome before Numa. Part II. treats of Sabine Rome, including the Sabines—Sabine Institutions in Rome—and the Sabino-Roman Dynasty. Part III., on Etrusco-Latin Rome, contains five chapters, on the Etruscans—Tarquin the Elder—Reign of Servius Tullius—Tarquin the Proud—and Concluding Reflections. While adopting the scepticism of Perizonius, Raleigh, and Niebuhr, regarding the ancient Roman records, he has

applied his large acquaintance with languages, and with the spirit of the Roman people, to the elucidation of this obscure period of history. He differs from Niebuhr in many of his conclusions, and offers clear reasons for so doing. When certainty is unattainable, he simply uses the language of probability, generally stating the alternatives. It is worthy of observation that Mr. Newman traces the germs of all that made Rome what she was in her palmy days to the union of the Sabines and the Latins. 'Until the fatal destruction of her elective monarchy, she shoots up with vigour so astonishing, as to excite a momentary disbelief: and of this prosperity no better account can be given than that it was due to the rigid and self-devoting virtue of the Sabines, joined to the organizing genius of the Latins. The Sabine stamp is the deepest; but it was the kings of Latin blood, or Latin party, who gave comprehensiveness to the institutions, and expanded them to receive new and new citizens;—a liberal policy, of which Rome never had cause to repent.' Combined with 'highly energetic form of government' were the 'fixed law and stern discipline' which raised Sabine Rome to its high distinction among the states of Italy. We think Mr. Newman has succeeded in showing the great probability that the Etruscans, so much in advance of the other nations of Italy in the arts of civilization, emigrated from Lydia in Asia, and that with the Etruscan elements were mingled the Hellenic and the Pelasgian. His observations on the Etruscan *language* are at once ingenious and solid. The work exhibits such minute acquaintance with ancient and modern writers, so much calm discrimination, and is so admirably arranged and perspicuously written, that we have much satisfaction in strongly recommending it to all who would form for themselves an accurate conception of the outline and development of the great Roman constitution.

Discussions on Philosophy and Literature, Education and University Reform. Chiefly from the 'Edinburgh Review;' corrected, vindicated, enlarged in Notes and Appendices. By Sir William Hamilton, Bart. 8vo. pp. 758. London: Longman and Co.

THIS volume will receive a hearty welcome. Many thoughtful men will rejoice in its appearance, and will set themselves to an early and studious examination of its contents. The papers it includes are not so attractive as those found in some other of the *Edinburgh Reprints*, but the interest they awaken will be proportionably deeper, and they will leave a permanent impression on the more profound and metaphysical order of minds. It would in no way become us to attempt a critical analysis of the views propounded by the author. Our province is more humble, and we cheerfully restrict ourselves to it. In reporting, however, the fact of many of Sir William Hamilton's contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review' being printed in a separate form, we cannot refrain from expressing our intense satisfaction. The readers of Jeffrey's, Macaulay's, Sydney Smith's, Stephens', Mackintosh's, and Rogers' contributions, will be grateful for the addition thus made to one of the noblest series in our language, and though some of them may find the present volume

too abstruse and philosophical for their taste, others will, on that very account, esteem it of special interest and value. The author need not fear that it will 'be deemed superfluous.' Its contents, he informs us, have already, 'in great part, been collected and translated in France and Italy; in Germany, many of the discussions have been separately translated; and their general collection has once and again been recommended in the leading journals of America.' We are not at all surprised at this. The homage is not greater than is due to the subtlety and profound character of our author's genius. His disquisitions merit greater permanence than a periodical can insure, and we are therefore gratified by receiving them in a separate and accessible form. 'In reprinting these criticisms,' says Sir William Hamilton, 'I have made a few unimportant corrections; and some not unimportant additions—in length, at least, for the new extends to above half the old. At the same time, I was not averse from evincing, by the way, the punctual accuracy of certain statements, advanced in these criticisms, which had been variously, and sometimes even vehemently, assailed.' Sixteen papers are included in the volume, six of which pertain to the department of philosophy, two to literature, and eight to education. The appendices and other supplemental matter extend from page 577 to page 758. We purposely abstain from entering into any of the discussions raised by Sir William. Some of them are vastly tempting, but we shall have other and more befitting occasions for such inquiries. It is enough at present to report the appearance of the volume and warmly to commend it to our readers.

Nineveh and its Palaces. The Discoveries of Botta and Layard, applied to the Elucidation of Holy Writ. By Joseph Bonomi, F.R.S.L. 8vo. London: Office of the Illustrated London Library.

THIS volume forms the first of a new series, announced by the proprietors of the 'National Illustrated Library,' and which is designed to include works of history, biography, and travels, exhibiting the general progress of art, science, and literature. Each volume is to contain upwards of 400 pages, to be richly illustrated, and to be published at the low price of six shillings. If the selection be judicious, the 'Illustrated London Library' will be an exceedingly valuable series, fitted alike for the drawing-room and the shelves of the book-case. The present volume is an attractive specimen, more especially in the qualities which give permanent interest and value. It is illustrated by about two hundred engravings, and constitutes an admirable guide to the Assyrian Collections in the British Museum and in the Louvre. The author has spared no pains to render the work as comprehensive as its details are ample. It is fairly exhaustive of his theme, and cannot be read without a deep impression of the cumulative force of the evidence in support of the authenticity of the Scripture narrative. Mr. Bonomi has laid Biblical students under great obligation by his pains-taking and intelligent researches, while the well-informed and inquiring of all classes will thank him for the materials he has collected in illustration of ancient history and manners. Amongst many authorities on such matters, few are entitled to more confidence than Mr. Samuel Sharpe; and we are glad to find that he has contributed a chapter on Assyrian history

and chronology. Though brief, it is exceedingly valuable, presenting within narrow limits a clear view of the main facts of a history in which many people and all times are interested. We commend Mr. Bonomi's volume to the cordial greeting of our friends, and shall be glad to learn that it obtains the favour which it so richly merits.

The Court and the Desert; or, Priests, Pastors, and Philosophers, in the Time of Louis XV. From the French. In three volumes. London: Bentley.

UNDER this somewhat enigmatical title, we are introduced to a narrative in which the terrible effects of religious persecution in the middle and latter part of the eighteenth century are unfolded with great skill. The author is said to be of much repute in Switzerland, and two editions of the work have already appeared in Paris and Geneva. The style is more that of an original than a translation, though the train of thought and the mode in which facts are presented are eminently foreign. The first term of the title is sufficiently intelligible, and the second refers to that district of the country in which the professors of the reformed creed most abounded. We are introduced to a great variety of characters, many of which are sketched with considerable power. The principal of these are the monarch and the Marchioness de Pompadour, Voltaire and the infidel encyclopædists, the sycophantic clergy of the court, the subtle and persecuting Jesuits, Bridaine, the Catholic missionary, in whom the large-heartedness of the Christian and the sectarianism of Rome struggled for ascendancy, and Rabaut, the self-sacrificing and indefatigable superintendent of the Protestant churches. Around these a variety of minor personages assemble, and from the intercourse and actions of the whole an insight is gained into the working of that terrible machinery by which the papal church has demoralized and enslaved every community over which its power has extended. The work is not adapted for popularity amongst novel readers. Its burden is too weighty, its tone too serious, its sentiments too chastened, its views of religious truth too evangelical, for this. To a more restricted class, however, it presents points of deep attraction. Without pandering to vulgar prejudices, or lending itself to the cry of bigotted ecclesiasticism, it reveals the secret of French decay, and thus prepares for the terrible tragedy which was speedily enacted. When the church was so secularized and the court so corrupt; when literature was the handmaid of infidelity; and the preachers of Christian truth were given over to the most unscrupulous and remorseless of the agents of Rome; it is no marvel that human passion spurned all restraints, and involved in one fearful wreck the throne and the altar, the ancient noblesse and the priests of an effete and intolerant superstition. An English mind would have disposed many of the colors somewhat differently. Still we say to those who wish to gain a vivid, as well as correct, view of the society and persecutions of France in the last century, read 'The Court and the Desert.' It is a work of instruction rather than of amusement, and is strictly correct in its general outline and leading characteristics.

Commentaries on the Epistles of Paul the Apostle to the Romans. By John Calvin. Translated and Edited by the Rev. John Owen. 8vo. Edinburgh: Calvin Translation Society.

It would be superfluous to speak of Calvin's merits as a commentator. They are admitted on all hands, and by the impartial of all sects. The labors of 'The Calvin Society' are therefore a public benefit, and will be estimated as such, whatever views may be held on his distinctive theology. The present volume is amongst the most valuable of his productions, and is happily presented in a form which renders it accessible to all classes. This *Commentary* contains, as professor Stuart correctly remarks, 'fundamental investigation of the logic and course of thought contained in the Epistle. Many a difficulty' he adds 'is solved without any appearance of effort, or any show of learning.' The 'Commentaries' of Calvin, like those of his age generally, contain little of verbal criticism, and his present editor has therefore judiciously added a large body of notes, in which the results of modern scholarship are collected for the benefit of the reader. We need not say to ministers, divinity students, and other persons interested in the *study* of this important and most difficult Epistle, that they will be wise, immediately to procure and attentively examine this masterpiece of the great reformer.

New and Popular History of England. By Robert Fergusson, LL.D. London: John Cassell.

THE claim of the volumes before us to public patronage is based upon their adaptation to supply the masses of the people with sound historical knowledge, as far as our own country is concerned. Commencing with our earliest authentic annals, they narrate the story of the welfare and the woe of Great Britain to the present time. The narrative is clothed in a style suited to its avowed purpose. Without the majestic gait of the historic muse, and regardless of the fashion established by literary precedent, it commends itself chiefly to the perusal of the uninstructed. It has, however, the higher merit of an enlightened fidelity; and while it brings to light merits which are not emblazoned by the titles of rank and the prestige of a nominal legitimacy, it tears aside the purple that veils the vices of monarchs and the finery which disguises the depravity of courts. It is closely condensed, without abruptness, and pervaded by a spirit of impartiality and simplicity which constitute it a safe guide to those to whom has not been opened that "ample page rich with the spoils of time."

Historical Sketches; illustrating some important Events and Epochs from A.D. 1400 to A.D. 1546. By John Hampden Gurney, M.A., Rector of St. Mary's, Mary-le-Bone. London: Longman and Co. 1852.

Four sketches of Joan of Arc—Caxton—Columbus—and Luther, accompanied by useful notices of their respective times—all done with a popular adaptation to the instruction of 'youths and maidens, and intelligent working men, and worthy, in our judgment, of a wide circulation.

Secular Free Schools; a Nation's Policy. A Lecture delivered at Crosby Hall, June 5th, 1851, at the request of the National Public School Association, in reply to the 'Eclectic Review,' and the Arguments in general against Secular Free Schools and Government Aid in Education.
By Edward Swaine.

WE had intended to present at an earlier period a brief notice of the pamphlet before us, constituting a reply to an extended article which appeared in our pages. The subject, however, is far from having lost any of its interest to the public, and we shall probably have to refer to it more fully at no distant period. The few remarks, therefore, we have now to make on the pamphlet before us are not altogether unseasonable. We cordially attribute three great merits to Mr. Swaine's performance,—earnestness, sagacity, and candour. At the same time we must as frankly declare that he has failed to alter our opinions on the main question at issue. We cheerfully subscribe to his representations of the immense importance of secular education *per se*; and we further agree with him that it *may* be supplemented with religious instruction, by arrangements independent of the organization of the schools; though he has left untouched our position respecting the futility of the allotment of certain portions of the week for this purpose.

But above all, Mr. Swaine appears to us to have failed chiefly in meeting the fundamental objections to a governmental system of education;—such as, that the education of children devolves naturally, and of right upon parents, in the first instance, and secondarily, on those teachers who are the objects of their spontaneous choice: that all such organizations, educational or otherwise, are characterized by a rigidity and *vis inertie*, which render them insusceptible to the plastic operation of reform and progressive improvement; and that a scheme of compulsory and public support is evermore found to quench individual zeal. The introduction of a system thus abnormal is obviously only justifiable by the proved inefficacy of the more natural method. But this has by no means been proved. On the contrary, it appears that voluntary efforts have issued in the bestowment of a Sunday school and of a day school education on about one in eight of the gross population of England and Wales, while in Manchester accommodation has been provided for the instruction of the young (and that by voluntary means alone) far exceeding the largest demands of the population. To these striking facts we think Mr. Swaine has given too little weight. In admitting them he suggests that 'the instruction now given *may* be, to a considerable extent, very inferior to that which a National system, such as proposed, would secure.' But to this it might seem sufficient to object the contrary hypothesis, that the education under the proposed system *might* be very *inferior* to that now afforded; and this last supposition derives strong confirmation from a comparison of the methods of instruction, discipline, books, &c., adopted in our public foundations, with those which prevail in proprietary, and other voluntary, schools.

To this it may be added in conclusion, that the proposed organization would constitute a wide-spread mechanism, more easily constructed than destroyed, and which might be made subservient to purposes the most

opposed to the designs of its advocates. A question may arise—Why, if education may be provided by compulsory rates, religious education (as the most important of all by universal admission) should not *à fortiori* be so secured? And the entertainment of such a question in a country burdened with an established church would probably lead to results so injurious to public interests, both religious and secular, as not to be compensated by any extent, uniformity, or economy, of public instruction.

The School for Fathers; an Old English Story. By T. Gwynne. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

'THE SCHOOL FOR FATHERS' is one of the cleverest, most brilliant, genial, and instructive stories that we have read since the publication of 'Jane Eyre.' It is one of those volumes that you cannot dip into for a moment without feeling instantly that you are in gifted and accomplished company. The style is at once simple, vigorous and decisive. It places the scenes and circumstances with which it deals before you in the most striking and delightful manner, not by labored description, but by a few effective strokes. We do not know who T. Gwynne is, but the author is full of talent and of knowledge of life, both in town and country, at home and abroad. The sketching of the character of Sir Thomas Warren, the father of the story, reminded us strongly of Thackeray; he is a man of the world—a Major Pendennis without the major's heart.

The story is one which many fathers would do well to read and reflect on. It is that of a cold aspiring man of fashion, in the early part of George III.'s reign, who leaves his only son to the care of his fox-hunting brother in the country till he has arrived at manhood, and then is foolish enough to attempt, all at once, to metamorphose him into a political haunter of town saloons. The endeavour is, as may be supposed, fruitless. Honest Jack Warren has a heart of the noblest kind, but no talent for anything, except the enjoyment of the country and its sports. The process of trying to engraft fashionable airs, clothes, and notions upon him, would be infinitely amusing if it were not absolutely barbarous. Poor Jack is tortured by French language, dancing and fencing-masters, a French valet, fashionable tailors, hair-dressers, and the like; has his own fine head of hair shorn off, and is put into a powdered wig, a cocked hat, fashionable clothes, and red-heeled boots, to no purpose but to drive him to despair, and to make him show like a fool and a brute, all the while that he is sighing for the quiet country, the fox-hounds, and his 'dear Lydia,' the parson's daughter. The end is tragical, for the father, inexorable in his resolve to make a fine fellow of him, forces Jack into the pursuit of a fine lady of rank, which leads to a duel, in which Jack is run through the body, and killed. The remorse of the foolish father is finely depicted, but comes too late.

The snatches of domestic scenes, and peeps into the country, give a charm to this volume, which contains more matter than such works do in general, but is not burdened with a single page or passage that you feel a desire to skip.

Daily Bible Illustrations; being Original Readings for a Year, on Subjects from Sacred History, Biography, Geography, Antiquities, and Theology, especially designed for the Family Circle. By John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A. Evening Series. Job and the Poetical Books. January—March. Edinburgh; Oliphant and Sons.

THE readers of the former series of Dr. Kitto's 'Illustrations' will be glad to learn that he has been encouraged to continue his labors in the department of biblical instruction, for which he is so pre-eminently qualified. The prevailing tone of his former volumes was historical, and the present series will derive its complexion mainly from those portions of the inspired record of which it treats. The volume now before us relates to the Book of Job, the Psalms, the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon. The construction of these books, their arguments, and various particulars respecting their history and teaching, are exhibited with much distinctness and skill, in a style admirably suited to instruct as well as interest an attentive reader. The second volume of the series will be devoted to the prophetic books, and the third and fourth to 'The Acts, Sayings, and Sufferings of our Lord and his Apostles.' A more suitable book for 'the Family Circle' does not exist in our language, and we specially commend it to intelligent and thoughtful young persons. The author is well furnished for his work, and disposes, with the skill of a master, of various questions which perplex youthful inquirers, and which are too commonly slurred over in a hasty and superficial manner.

A System of Practical Mathematics; to which are annexed Accurate Tables of Logarithms, with Explanations and Examples of their Construction and Use. By John Davidson, A.M. 8vo. Fifth Edition. Edinburgh: Bell and Bradfute.

A FAVORABLE reception of four large impressions of this work supersedes the necessity for criticism. The public have already expressed their judgment in an unmistakeable form, and we have no disposition to contest its soundness. As a comprehensive text-book on the subjects mentioned in the title-page, the volume merits the favor it has obtained, and Mr. Davidson has sought to render it as complete as possible. 'Considerable additions have been made wherever it seemed necessary or calculated to render the work more useful either to the teacher or the pupil; the mathematical figures have been re-engraved, and other important improvements adopted; while, notwithstanding the expense thus necessarily incurred, the price has been reduced *one-third*.' To those who are in want of a carefully prepared and cheap Text-book on the subjects treated, we cordially recommend Mr. Davidson's volume.

Lectures and Addresses in Aid of Popular Education; including a Lecture on the Poetry of Pope. By the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle. London: Longman and Co.

THIS publication forms the eighteenth Part of 'The Traveller's Library,' and consists, besides a lecture on the poetry of Pope, and another on the noble author's travels in America, of various addresses delivered before several educational institutions in the north of England. In their collected

form they exhibit the zealous efforts of a public man, high in rank, for the intellectual entertainment and moral improvement of the humbler classes of his fellow-countrymen. A more useful and honorable service could not have been rendered by the noble earl; and we are glad to learn that his example has not been without influence on some members of his class. The publication is unique. We have nothing like it. It is a feature of the times most cheering and hopeful; and the Messrs. Longman have acted with much wisdom in including it in the 'Traveller's Library.' Apart from the rank of the author, the *addresses* here collected are worthy of attentive perusal, and well suited to aid the progress of popular education.

A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography. By Various Writers. Edited by William Smith, LL.D., Editor of the Dictionaries of 'Greek and Roman Antiquities,' and of 'Biography and Mythology.' To be continued in Quarterly Parts, and to form one octavo volume, illustrated by numerous engravings on wood. The articles will be written by the principal contributors to the former Dictionaries. London: Taylor and Co., and Murray. 1852. Part I.

It is not necessary that we should say more of this 'Part' than that, so far as it goes, it bids fair to sustain the high reputation of the editor and his *collaborateurs*, and to form a worthy companion to their former dictionaries.

The Religion for Mankind: Christianity adapted to Man in all the Aspects of his Being. By James Spence, M.A. London: Snow. 1852.

A VOLUME highly creditable to the intelligence and practical sagacity of the writer, as presenting truths of great moment in a perspicuous and engaging style.

Literary Fables. From the Spanish of Yriaste. By Robert Rockliff. London: Longman and Co. 1851.

DON TOMAS DE YRIASTE was a Spanish poet, who died above sixty years ago. These 'Fables,' designed exclusively for the castigation of literary offenders, we have read with what we hope is a commendable spirit of self-application, of which we promise our readers all the benefit. Mr. Rockliff translated some of these ingenious and witty satires for 'Blackwood's Magazine.' We think him very happy in his choice of a subject, and very successful in the playful variety of his metres. The volume must amuse, can do no harm, and may do good to critics, who, notwithstanding their assumed infallibility, are not above the need of a little pleasant castigation.

The Infant Class in the Sunday School. An Essay, to which the Committee of the Sunday School Union adjudged the First Prize. By Charles Reed. London: Sunday School Union. 1851.

WE congratulate the Sunday School Union on having elicited an essay of so much practical worth, on a subject of which it is impossible to overrate the importance.

Review of the Month.

THE BUDGET OF THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was looked forward to this year with more than ordinary interest. Many circumstances contributed to this. The character of the ministry, their past professions and present policy, the solicitude universally felt to penetrate the mystery in which their intentions were enwrapped, the suspected incompetency of the Chancellor to deal with the financial difficulties of his office, the irreconcilable character of his theory with the facts claiming his attention and patent to all, these, with many other circumstances, tended to fix attention on his budget and to lead men carefully to mark how he acquitted himself. Mr. Disraeli was known as a brilliant writer and successful parliamentary orator. The basis of his reputation in the latter capacity was not honorable. Party passion in a season of intense excitement hailed his services. Hatred of the great man who had detected the hollowness, and renounced the confederacy, of the 'country party,' inspired the latter with a vindictive animosity which found appropriate utterance in the personal invectives and fierce diatribes of Mr. Disraeli. His oratory was, therefore, loudly cheered from the protectionist benches, and the venom of mortified ambition and disappointed hope was mistaken—in profession at least—for virtuous indignation and senatorial wisdom. The world did not so judge, nor were the inmates of St. Stephen's deceived. They saw through the masquerade; they knew it to be a piece of acting; but it answered their purpose, and the actor became in consequence their hero, and his bitterness and spleen were sacred in their eyes. Such were the antecedents, such the party position, of the minister on whom it devolved to expound the financial condition of the country on the 31st of April. The obligation was a trying one, and a less able or more scrupulous man, would have shrunk from the task. Not so, however, Mr. Disraeli. Forgetting for the hour his prognostications and invectives, he proved, beyond the possibility of rational doubt, the immense benefits which had accrued to the revenue and the country from the commercial policy of 1846. His speech was, in fact, a free-trade speech. It was nothing less than a triumphant vindication of the commercial policy he had denounced in opposition, an abandonment of the ground he had fiercely maintained for years, a giving up of the principles with which his political status was identified, and by the advocacy of which he had consolidated a party on whose shoulders he was raised to power. Of the ability displayed there can be no question. Inimitable skill was shewn in dealing with matters which are ordinarily dry and unattractive. His materials were disposed with consummate tact, and what was felt to be the least acceptable part of his statement was adroitly reserved to the close of his speech, and was made to wear the appearance of being indispensable to the policy from which such large results had

proceeded. There was to be no increase and no diminution of taxation. The income and property tax, with all its vexations, was to be renewed for another year, and an indirect mode of raising the revenue was preferred to the direct. Under other circumstances such a budget would have been loudly and extensively condemned; but the concessions of the Chancellor were so large, his vindications of the commercial policy recently introduced so triumphant, and his exposition of the prosperity of the country was so different from all he had hitherto affirmed, that the opponents of his government were disarmed—they forgave his sins in acknowledgment of the tribute he paid to their principles and measures. Mr. Labouchere might well say ‘he could not refrain joining his voice with those of so many other gentlemen in expressing the deep satisfaction with which he had heard the speech of the right honorable gentleman the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was with no feeling of party gratification that he said this; but, after having heard that speech, he, for one, was deeply convinced of the complete and final establishment of those principles and of that commercial policy which had already tended, and which were calculated permanently to promote the happiness and prosperity of the people of this empire. He rejoiced to see a man filling the high position which the right honourable gentleman now held, possessing the talent he unquestionably on all occasions displayed,—he rejoiced to see such a man enforcing and illustrating the soundness and the wisdom of those principles on which the commercial policy of this country was based.’

The House presented an extraordinary scene throughout the debate. One after another—men of all shades of liberal opinion, Sir Charles Wood, Mr. Villiers, Mr. Bright, Mr. Wakley—avowed the pleasure with which they had listened to the Chancellor’s speech; while to use the expressive phrase of Mr. Hume, it was received in a ‘glum manner’ by the supporters of government. The former were delighted beyond measure at the admissions made; the latter stood aghast, and could scarcely believe their ears. Such was the state of things at the close of the evening of the 31st of April, but it could not so continue. Dust had been thrown in the eyes of the people, and the trick succeeded for a day. But the protectionists were alarmed, their suspicions were aroused. They threatened mutiny unless reparation was made; and Mr. Disraeli sought to appease their wrath and recover their confidence, by unsaying on the 6th what he had said a few days before. A more bitter humiliation was never submitted to by English statesman. Had the *moral* of the Chancellor corresponded with the *intellectual*, he would have spurned the unworthy condescension, and thrown from him the men and the cause which demanded such ignoble sacrifice. It was not, however, in Mr. Disraeli’s nature to do so, and he therefore yielded to the alarm of his supporters, and sought to weaken his previous statement.

‘The right hon. gentleman,’ said Sir G. Grey, ‘told them that he had not on Friday evening said anything whatever with respect to our commercial policy. He had been equally discreet to night. But it was not, after all, a matter of very great consequence. They relied not on the opinions of the government, but on the facts which the right hon. gentleman had brought forward. They were well aware of those facts before.

They had been stated over and over again in speeches in that house, and in pamphlets out of doors. The accuracy of those statements had been impugned; but now they had one of the ministers of the crown coming forward and declaring that those facts were irrefragable, and illustrating them with a power and eloquence seldom equalled in that House.' This was sufficiently humiliating, but it was not all. He who endures one insult will not have to wait long for another, and the speech of Earl Derby at the Mansion House, on the 8th, supplied what was to be looked for. It is impossible to read that speech—the specific reference to the point omitted by the Chancellor, the doctrine of compromise propounded and argued for, and the facility with which a popularity-hunting minister, it is alleged, may 'scud before the gale, and congratulate himself upon the rapidity of his progress,' without feeling that Mr. Disraeli was in the premier's view, and that the latter was seeking to keep his mutinous crew together. Some who were present at the Mansion House assure us that Mr. Disraeli was ill at ease, and evidently felt the reference. Be this, however, as it may, nothing can be more obvious—nothing, in fact, is more glaringly visible—than the discrepancy between Mr. Disraeli the party leader and Mr. Disraeli the Chancellor of the Exchequer. No ingenuity can reconcile the one with the other. In the former capacity, he has been denouncing free-trade for years, drawing the most frightful picture of its effects, and availing himself of the ignorance, selfishness, and prejudices of the protectionists, for the overthrow of those by whom it was sustained. No sooner, however, does he pass from opposition to office, than he becomes instantly dumb on the themes about which he had been accustomed to discourse so eloquently, the condition of the country is represented as prosperous beyond example, and the pleas of his followers, without being named, are scattered contemptuously to the wind. Anything more flagitious, more adapted to destroy confidence in public men, we have never witnessed. History is rife with examples of official delinquency, but nothing which it records is more disreputable than this. Vastly different was the conduct of Sir Robert Peel. 'When convinced of the excellence of the principles of free trade, he went over to them—not only officially but personally—not merely as the first lord of the treasury, but as the leader of the great conservative party, the member for Tamworth, and the large landed proprietor. Poor Sir Robert moved altogether when he moved at all. Had he lived to take a lesson from his tormentor, he would have learned a new method, by which duty and inclination might have been conciliated. His ministerial support, as the servant of the nation, should have been given to free trade; his personal and partisan predilections should have been expressed as warmly as ever in favour of protection. However far he might have fallen short of abstract perfection, he would at any rate have come up to the standard of political morality, illustrated by the example of his unmerciful censor.'

The tortuous course of the chancellor is evidently that of the ministry. We are on the eve of a dissolution, and our rulers know that their protectionist sympathies are unpopular. They want, therefore, to delude the people, at the same time that their own forces are kept together. They blow hot and cold, decry free-trade one day, and profess deference for the popular will on the next; bitterly asperse the men who have emancipated

the people's bread, and then discourse, with apparent earnestness and joy, on the increased comforts and many social blessings which have resulted from the change. We think too well of our countrymen to believe that they can be deceived in this matter. A dissolution will probably take place this month, and, unless we have greatly miscalculated the signs of the times, the election that must speedily follow will decide this question for ever. We must not, however, over-rate our strength. There is nothing which our opponents will not do—no artifice they will not employ—no meanness to which they are not ready to stoop to compass their end. Already the order has gone forth, and there is scarcely a phase of political belief which they are not willing to adopt, if their chance of success can thereby be increased. A nondescript species of animals, termed Derbyite free-traders, is abroad, as though men could honestly advocate commercial freedom, and yet support an administration which consists of its most bitter and implacable foes. Let such men be treated as they deserve. Their profession is an insult to the common sense of the country, and should be met with derision and scorn. We are much of Sir James Graham's mind, when he says:—

'The approved definition of a protectionist is—a supporter of Lord Derby's government. The simple question, therefore, to be propounded by free-traders to candidates is this:—'Are you a supporter or an opponent of Lord Derby's government?' A plain answer to this question will dispel a cloud of mystery, and will render the choice of the electors both sure and easy.'

We would not pledge ourselves to every man who professes hostility to the Derby government; but we should reject, without scruple or hesitation, any candidate who appears as its supporter. The former may be an unfit man; the latter must be disqualified for an honest and intelligent discharge of the present duty of a British representative. We again say, therefore, to our friends, Make sure, in the first place, of the triumph of free-trade. Let nothing intervene to endanger this. Avoid dissension where there is the slightest chance of its being improved by the advocates of protection. Present a united front to the common foe, and raise up other questions, only where you have established, beyond the possibility of doubt, the triumph of commercial freedom. You will thus best discharge the duty of the hour, and entitle yourself to the respect and gratitude of your countrymen.

THE SECOND READING OF THE MILITIA BILL was carried, April 26th, by a majority of 150, the numbers being 315 for, and 165 against it. This majority was much greater than had been anticipated, though little doubt was felt by reflecting men of a majority being obtained. The late government, equally with the present, having admitted the insufficiency of our national defences, there was an air of factious opposition in the course pursued by Lord John Russell. What could have induced his lordship to break a lance with his opponents on this question we cannot imagine. There were, doubtless, differences between their measure and his; but these were not of a nature to render it imperative that he should place himself in so questionable a position. Lord John is deemed a skilful tactician; his experience in such matters has been usually adduced as amongst his leading qualifications; and yet, there

never was a greater blunder committed than in his policy on this occasion. He has broken up his forces when it was specially important that they should be kept together, and has done this on a question which insured defeat, and which encircles with ridicule the profession of patriotism. Opposition to the Militia Bill would, of course have arisen from other quarters. Political economists, social reformers, and anti-war men would, as matter of course, record their votes against it, and Lord John should have been content to leave them to do so ; but unhappily for his fame, the temptation was too strong. He spoke and voted, and the triumph of his opponents has thereby been increased a hundred fold. The utmost skill will be required to repair this defeat, and we much fear that it will not be forthcoming. Lord Seymour, a member of the late government, voted for the bill ; and we are not surprised, looking at the matter from his position, at an honest man taking the view he did. 'Here were all parties,' said his lordship, 'quite agreed that some additional defences were necessary, yet, when the question of such additional defences was proposed to the House, all parties were found anxious not to defeat the enemies of the country, but to defeat the ministry of the day. The present government would not have a local militia ; his noble friend would not have a general militia ; so that between the two the country was to have no militia at all. One party would not have compulsory enlistment, because that would take all the industrious people from their work ; the other would not have voluntary enlistment, because that would take all the vagabonds from their no work ; but surely the militia must be made up, if at all, from the industrious or from the idle, unless it was proposed to adopt the example of the African potentate and enrol battalions of ladies.'

Had we been members of the House, our vote would undoubtedly have been recorded against the bill, as ridiculously futile for the purpose it proposes. Better have an addition to our standing army than such a force. But our present resources are equal to our necessities ; and we ask, therefore, that they should be skilfully disposed before additional burdens and great social evils are inflicted on the community.

The measure has been severely contested in committee. Clause by clause it has been sternly opposed, but the government has been supported by large majorities, for which it is not difficult to account. The same feeling which carried the second reading so triumphantly has enabled it to reject the several amendments which have been proposed. One great benefit, however, has resulted from the protracted discussion which has taken place. The country has learnt the futility of the plea on which the measure is based ; and is therefore in a condition to estimate, at its real value, the patriotism of their rulers. To provide for a danger already past may increase the patronage of the executive, but will not conciliate public confidence, nor strengthen good will towards the Derby administration. On the compulsory clause of the bill the ministerial majority was only 17, and we were glad to find the honorable member for Norwich, in opposing it, bearing witness—as no man is better qualified to do—to the thorough loyalty of the working-classes. 'There did not exist,' said Mr. Peto, 'any class of men more attached to the sovereign of this kingdom than the industrial artizans of this kingdom. On the celebrated 10th of April, he

himself received the adhesion of no less than 7000 men who were then in his employment, all of whom were prepared to fight for the defence of their country.' The bill finally passed through committee on the 21st, and the third reading is deferred till after Whitsuntide. Its passage through the Upper House will no doubt be rapid.

MR. LOCKE KING'S MOTION ON THE COUNTY FRANCHISE was again submitted to the House on the 27th of April, and the discussion and division which ensued are strikingly illustrative of the state of parties. The honorable member for Surrey moved for leave to bring in a bill to assimilate the franchise and procedure at elections in counties in England and Wales to those in boroughs, by giving the right of voting to occupiers of tenements of £10 a year; by limiting the polling to one day; and by restricting the time of proceeding to election to eight days. The bill was similar in all material points to that of last year, and the number of its supporters was considerably greater. Lord J. Manners, on the part of government, met the bill with a decided negative, and was supported by the ex-premier, on the ground that it was not advisable to deal with the franchise piecemeal. Coming from such a quarter, the plea sounds strange, for the earlier and most honorable part of his lordship's political life was spent in efforts to obtain partial reforms. To reject the practicable in pursuit of the theoretical is a folly which Lord John and his partizans have been accustomed to attribute to the chartists, and his opposition, therefore, savors more of party tactics than of enlightened statesmanship. Were his lordship guided by the latter he would secure what was within his reach, and use the vantage ground thus gained to obtain larger and more satisfactory concessions. But such — whatever may be alleged — is not the policy of either of the political parties, hitherto ascendant in this country. Of the working of the existing county franchise, there is no doubt. It was framed to sustain landlords' influence, and it has well accomplished its purpose. Lord John is as inimical as his conservative opponents to any change in this system, which does not involve a counterbalancing gain to the landed interest, and the people must look to themselves if they would have any improvement effected. The motion was rejected by a majority of 202 to 149. This result is vastly different from that of last year, when Mr. King's majority was 48, and we are not, therefore, surprised at its being asked by the 'Times'—'Can it be denied any longer, that the constitution is safer from rash changes in the hands of a Derby than of a Russell?' The difference, however, in the votes of the two years is no criterion of party strength. In February, 1851, the conservatives left Lord John to suffer the mortification of defeat, by not voting on the motion. The division was, therefore, a small one, and the liberal cause obtained an unproductive victory. The case, however, is vastly different this year, and hence the majority of the Derby ministry. The 'Times' has stated the matter fairly, and we cannot do better than quote its words. Coming from such a quarter, they have greater weight than anything we could urge:—'More than a hundred and fifty gentlemen, who last year connived, by their absence, at the proposal to swamp, as they think it, the county constituencies, have this year rushed to their rescue. Last year, they regarded with complacency the prospect of some hundred thousand £10

householders returning the so-called county members. This year, they are once more true to the CHANDOS voters. The victory, therefore, which we have trumpeted with all due formality, consists in the trifling little fact, that the gentlemen now in office and their friends will do for the sake of themselves what they would not do for their country; that, before they take the trouble to vote, they ask what interest they have themselves in the question, and be the cause ever so bad, if it answers their purpose that it should gain a temporary triumph, they will even let it so prosper. It is surely unnecessary to observe, that such conduct is factious and dishonest; still less necessary to observe, that all parties now-a-days are guilty of it.'

THE UNIVERSITIES OF SCOTLAND BILL has been thrown out on the second reading by a majority of 172 to 157. This occurred on the 28th of April, and furnishes another illustration of the *liberal* and generous policy which the Derby cabinet will pursue. We are not surprised. The premier's declaration on taking office prepared us for this, and our main object in noting it, is to fix attention on the inevitable tendency of his lordship's ecclesiastical measures. The object of the bill is to abolish certain tests required at present to be taken by the professors of Scotch universities, and it was opposed on the ground of its being 'subversive of the character of the Scotch universities, of the position of the Scotch church, and detrimental generally to the education of the youth of Scotland.' In reply to these objections, it was triumphantly urged by Mr. Moncreiff and others, that the tests were utterly inoperative, that the kirk had 'no sort of value for them, and no desire to retain them,' that they were originally framed to exclude Episcopalians when presbyterianism was supposed to be in danger from the corrupting influences of the south, that the Scotch universities were not ecclesiastical establishments 'and had no analogy in their origin, discipline, domestic life, powers, and privileges, with the universities of Oxford and Cambridge,' and that dispensing with the tests in question so far from being favorable, as was alleged, to irreligion, would operate otherwise by the removal of a public scandal. Notwithstanding all this, the bill was opposed on the part of government as a violation of the Act of Union, and—here the true reason oozes out—'secondly, that it must necessarily undermine the foundations of those ecclesiastical institutions which, in this country as well as in Scotland, or in any part of the United Kingdom, have been established for the education and instruction of youth.' In harmony with this, Sir R. Inglis, whose honesty is equalled only by his bigotry, affirmed that, 'when they told him that some protested against it (the test), he contended that, as against the vested right of the church of Scotland to teach the people, the claims of Sir D. Brewster or 500 Sir D. Brewsters, if it were possible, would be as nothing.'

Coming from such lips we know what this means; but when the sentiments of the member for Oxford are backed by the powers of the executive, we have good reason to bestir ourselves. Lord John Russell supported the bill, but his followers did not muster to his aid, and we have already stated the result. In 1845 the subject underwent considerable discussion in parliament, and we had hoped that the interval which has elapsed would have prepared our legislators to acquiesce in the equity

and wisdom of such a measure. There is nothing, however, in the shape of religious liberty, to be hoped for from gentlemen like Sir R. Inglis, or from governments like that of the Earl of Derby.

ON THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE 29TH OF APRIL, THE MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD obtained leave to bring in a bill 'to Enable her Majesty further to Regulate the Duties of Ecclesiastical Personages, and to make better provision for the Management and Distribution of Episcopal and Capitular Revenues.' The temper of his Lordship's speech was, on the whole, admirable, his array of facts was comprehensive, the alterations he proposed merit the best attention of Church reformers, and his object clearly was to render the establishment a more efficient instrument of religious culture. We take, of course, a preliminary objection, but his lordship reasons as a churchman, and, viewed from this point, his labors do him infinite honor. His motives in bringing forward the measure were to enable the church to extend its ramifications through our rapidly increasing population, and to correct some of the practical abuses which are admitted to exist within it. His proposition for a churchman was a sweeping one, and was based on some glaring wrongs which recent investigations have brought to light. After referring to what had already been done, his lordship maintained, on a comparison of the population with the clergy list, the utter inadequacy 'of the present clerical staff,' and proceeded to show that the church had within itself the means of supplying much of the existing deficiencies. 'When, for example,' said the noble lord, 'he looked at the revenues from tithes of the chapters, and found the small proportion that was at present allotted to the clergy vicarially performing the spiritual duties in respect of which these tithes were paid, he saw considerable sums which might be derived from that quarter in augmentation of inadequate stipends, and in establishing benefices in destitute districts. One chapter he found derived £1022 from tithes, yet paying the incumbent, supposed to be represented by the tithes, only £88; the great tithes of another district were £1800, the sum paid by the chapter to the incumbent being £90; in another place the chapter received £713, and paid their representative, the vicar, £94.'

He proposed, therefore, to restore the chapters to their original character, as the bishop's council or court of assistants, and to constitute the bishop their head, by investing him with the office of dean, to promote a searching inquiry into the application of charitable bequests in each diocese, to remedy the sinecural nature of cathedral appointments, to create a new bishopric of Westminster, to separate the recently united sees of Bristol and Gloucester, and to grant permission for the gradual creation of several other bishoprics. He further proposed some reduction in the incomes of existing bishops, and a transfer of the management of church property to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

Mr. Walpole, on the part of government, consented to the introduction of the bill, and was severely chided by Sir R. Inglis for the manner in which his assent was given. The representative of Oxford disputed at once the principles and the facts of Lord Blandford, declaring, that if his speech 'had been delivered from the highest mountain of the house he could better have understood it. . . . He deprecated with all his heart the principles which the noble lord had enunciated, and he disputed at once his conclu-

sions, and the premises on which they rested.' We do not anticipate any practical results from his lordship's measure, and are free to express our conviction that its reception would have been vastly different if the ministry had supposed there was any danger on this score. It will serve, however, an important purpose in leading men to think and talk of the character and working of the state church. This is in itself a good, and the more it can be effected the speedier will be the realization of our hopes.

THE APPOINTMENT OF MR. BENNETT TO THE VICARAGE OF FROME has been the subject of frequent parliamentary discussions, which affords a sad and melancholy illustration of the state of things in the Established Church. The alleged facts of the case are familiar to our readers. They are, in brief, that Mr. Bennett, after having resigned St. Barnabas, and been reconciled to the Church of Rome, has been instituted to the vicarage of Frome by the Bishop of Bath and Wells. In the early part of April, Mr. Horsman proposed a committee of inquiry, which was refused, on the pledge of the Chancellor of the Exchequer that a *bona fide* investigation into the facts of the case should be instituted. From time to time Mr. Disraeli declined to answer questions which were put to him, alleging that the matter had been referred to the law officers of the crown; that their opinion had only just been received; and that time was required in order to its being considered. The question remained in this state until the 17th, when Mr. Disraeli announced that the legal advisers of the crown reported that her Majesty had no power to make an effectual inquiry into the case; and that under the law as it stood an effectual remedy existed, since by the Clergy Discipline Act, any parishioner of Frome who felt aggrieved by what had taken place might appeal to the bishop, who, if a *prima facie* case was made out, might institute an inquiry. The futility of this must be apparent to all, since the bishop himself is deeply implicated. To appeal, therefore, to him, is to constitute the criminal a judge, and that, too, in the very matter with which he is charged. As to the course of the government, there cannot well be two opinions. It is marked by the same chicanery and meanness as are visible in their other doings. Cabinets have existed before to-day which have condescended to artifice and duplicity, but the ministry of Lord Derby has reduced these to system, and seems impervious to shame. What others have blushed to confess, our present rulers adopt as their uniform policy. To gain time is an end which they deem worthy of every sacrifice. 'About a month elapsed,' said Mr. Horsman on the 19th, "from the time his motion was made, and three weeks from the time when the right hon. gentleman stated that the government was in possession of the opinion of the law officers of the crown, before the house were informed that the government had come to the determination to do nothing in the matter.'

Lord Castlereagh gave notice of his intention to put a question to the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the 24th, but stated to the House on that day, that having been otherwise advised he should not do so. His lordship added, that he had received a communication from Mr. Bennett denying in the most positive terms the correctness of the statement in 'Battersby's Directory' of his having joined the Romish Church. So far the question is narrowed, but we greatly marvel, if such be the case, that

it had not been stated by the government. Their silence involves the matter in much mystery.

MUCH CURIOSITY WAS FELT TO ASCERTAIN HOW THE GOVERNMENT would deal with the four seats vacant by the disfranchisement of Sudbury and St. Albans. The course to be pursued was carefully concealed, while rumors were put in circulation to the effect that it would be so liberal as to set opposition at defiance. Considerable confidence was felt by the supporters of government that their proposition would be affirmed by a large majority, while the opposition were at a loss to judge of the probabilities of the case, from their ignorance of the plan to be submitted. Such was the state of things when the house met on the 10th, and Mr. Disraeli proceeded to move for leave to bring in a bill to assign the seats in question. A more nefarious and unscrupulous attempt to weaken the popular, and to strengthen the conservative, interest, was never made; and we are glad to report that it met with the reception it deserved. The seats, it must be remembered, belonged to the borough constituencies of the kingdom; and it might, therefore, have been supposed that they would be conferred on the most populous and important of the unrepresented towns. Such was the proposition of Lord Russell; and it was so evidently in accordance with the equity of the case that men were astonished when they found that even Mr. Disraeli's hardihood sufficed to propose an altogether different plan. The opportunity, however, was too tempting for the Chancellor and his colleagues. Deceived, apparently, by the forbearance of the house, they lost sight of the sufferance on which they lived, and hoped, by the remissness or misjudging patience of their adversaries, to transfer four votes from the ranks of the people to those of the landlords. The proposition of the Chancellor was to divide the West Riding of Yorkshire into two portions, and to give to one of these two of the vacant seats, and to apportion the others to the southern division of Lancashire. A more barefaced attempt to legislate for party interests was never witnessed. Had four county seats been vacant, and had a liberal government proposed to assign them to borough constituencies, Mr. Disraeli would fiercely have inveighed against the wrong; and we know no rule why a similar judgment may not be passed on his proposal.

Mr. Gladstone immediately moved that the house should pass to the order of the day, affirming that in the present state of the government such a question ought not to be entertained, and his amendment was carried by a majority of 86, the numbers being 234 to 148. In this decision we rejoice. It was a significant intimation to Lord Derby of his precarious position, and will serve to bring back his more sanguine supporters to a consideration of the unwelcome but real facts of their condition.

THE LONG-PENDING MOTION OF MR. SPOONER RESPECTING THE MAYNOOTH GRANT was submitted to the House on the 10th. The form it assumed is essentially different from that which it wore during the administration of Lord John, and the change is strikingly illustrative of the hollowness of the professions made by many of its supporters. The *repeal* of the grant was originally contemplated, but the party now in power eschew a vote on this point, and the motion, therefore, was for *inquiry* simply. When in opposition, they denounced the grant itself; but from the treasury benches, they ask only for information. In the former character

they vaunted their protestantism, and pleaded offence to conscience; but in the latter, they have an eye to the pending elections, and would gladly shift off the matter until their result is ascertained. Even in the modified form now assumed, the motion was deferred again and again, and would evidently have been put off, *sine die*, had the temper of the house permitted. This not being practicable, Mr Spooner moved for a select committee to inquire into the system of education carried on at Maynooth, and was met by an amendment from Mr. Anstey—‘That this House will resolve itself into a committee, for the purpose of considering the Bill for Repealing the Maynooth Endowment Act, and all other acts for charging the public revenue in aid of ecclesiastical or religious purposes.’ Mr. Walpole, on the part of government, opposed this amendment, but expressed concurrence in the original motion, affirming, that the subject had taken such hold of the public mind that it could not be evaded. Mr. Gladstone also supported the motion, but repudiated the spirit in which it had been introduced. He was for maintaining the grant, but as inquiry had been demanded, he counselled the friends of Maynooth not to commit themselves to opposition. The member for Oxford University could not fail to perceive the tendency of the change contemplated, and his avowal is strongly confirmatory of the view we expressed last month. ‘If,’ he said, ‘the endowment were withdrawn, the parliament which withdrew it must be prepared to enter on the whole subject of the reconstruction of the ecclesiastical arrangements in Ireland. He was not speaking of what was right or wrong, or what was to be desired or deprecated. For his own part, he deprecated the serious changes which such a course would precipitate; but he was speaking of the necessary consequences of it.’

The debate was adjourned to the 18th, when the government prevented the formation of a house; and on the following day an effort was made to adjourn it again till the 16th of June. Mr. Disraeli, on this occasion, disavowed any intention on the part of ministers, to abrogate the grant, and sought, though without success, to efface the impression made by the speech of the home secretary. The character of this proposal needs no comment. It was seen through at the instant, and was denounced in terms of strong reprobation. ‘It must be obvious,’ said Lord John, ‘that it would be a mere mockery, upon the 16th of June, to appoint a select committee,’ and the feeling of the house was strongly with his lordship. It was consequently resolved, on the 20th, that the debate should be adjourned till the morning sitting of the 24th; when it was further adjourned to the evening, and the formation of a house being then prevented, the possibility of a vote was precluded.

Anything more disreputable, even in parliamentary tactics, than the course pursued on this question we have never witnessed. The protean shapes of Mr. Spooner’s motion, the reluctance with which it was ultimately brought forward, the yea and nay policy of the government, the nefarious attempt to defer inquiry, and the unworthy manœuvre by which the subject was ultimately got rid of, destroy all confidence in the movement and do infinite disservice to the administration. ‘These circumstances,’ said Earl Grey, on the 21st, when referring to the conduct of the premier, ‘caused doubt as to the real intentions of the government, and the feeling of uncertainty was increased when it was found that persons holding offices of the greatest importance connected with the administration made election speeches

and issued placards, in which they distinctly pledged themselves to vote for the repeal of the Maynooth grant."

In the meantime, we rejoice to perceive the position taken by the great body of English nonconformists. To the Maynooth grant we are, and must ever be, opposed; but it is our deep solicitude to prosecute this opposition in harmony with our general principles. We believe we have done so, and no misstatement of our views, no perversion of our reasonings, no attempt to fasten on us consequences which we honestly, and, as we believe, consistently, disavow, will induce us to falter in our course, much less to alter it.* We want no better exponent of our sentiments than the following resolution, adopted at the recent meeting of the Congregation Union of England and Wales:—

'That this assembly desires to renew its emphatic protest against all endowments of religious teachers, or religious institutions by the state, under whatever pretence, and in whatever form such endowment may be made. The assembly believes that the voluntary principle, if fully developed, is capable of supplying amply the spiritual necessities of mankind, and regards state payments for the professed support of religion as contrary to the truth of God, increasingly opposed to the most enlightened convictions of the public mind, and the tendencies of society, and condemned by the works, if not by the words, of the best members of those religious communities by whom they are received. On this conviction the assembly bases its protest against the continuance of any form of national support to the Roman-catholic College of Maynooth, in common with the *Regium Donum* to the Presbyterian churches of Ireland, and all other similar grants, believing such support to be a flagrant violation of a principle which it holds to be sacred, and fraught with the greatest mischiefs to society, and danger to the civil liberties of mankind.'

THE DEBATE ON WHAT ARE TERMED 'THE KNOWLEDGE TAXES' was resumed on the 12th, and the decision was unfavorable. We are not surprised, nor do we complain. The general feeling of the House was adverse to any change in the financial arrangements of the country, and considering the position of the government, we cannot much object to this, strong as is our wish to be relieved from the taxes in question. Our space prevents our doing more than record the numbers on the three divisions. They were—

For the abolition of the paper duty	107	
Against it	195	
Majority	—	88
For the abolition of the stamp duty	100	
Against it	199	
Majority	—	99
For the abolition of the advertisement duty	116	
Against it	181	
Majority	—	65

* We are pained to refer to the 'Patriot' of the 20th inst., and in doing so will simply record our protest against the misapprehension and disingenuousness which characterize its critique on the first article in our last number. Religious journalism should be free from such things. Whether it is so, let intelligent readers of the 'Patriot' judge.

THE RELIGIOUS ANNIVERSARIES OF THE PAST TWO MONTHS IN THIS METROPOLIS have been too numerous to allow of very specific reference to any. The impression which we have received from them is grave, not gloomy certainly, yet far from being sanguine. All our religious communities are passing through trials for which it is well if they are prepared. The grand impulse represented by the word methodism—in its largest application—seems well-nigh spent; and the organizations it produced are waiting for new life. There is now more independent thought, and there are more numerous centres of action than formerly; and it has become increasingly difficult to secure for any object the co-operation of a united body. As in general politics, so in ecclesiastical movements, men are inevitably drawn into new combinations. While, for example, the bulk of nonconformists agree with their fellow-protestants in opposing the encroachments of papal power—without limiting the freedom of the Roman-catholic, or any other church in the exercise of its religious faith and worship—others of them, not less earnest in their protestantism, decline to join the general outcry against popery as inconsistent with the claims of civil and religious liberty. We have never aspired to dictate to our readers. Our review is not the organ of a party. On this, as on other questions, it expresses the judgment of independent writers who do not always think alike, and it is supported in several quarters for this particular reason. Arguments and expressions are culled from our pages by parties who, on the one hand, represent us as enemies of religious liberty; or, on the other, as discouraging the true protestant spirit. These conflicting animadversions appear to us to nullify each other. A deep love of freedom renders us implacable in our hostility to the political despotism called popery, while our convictions respecting the kingdom of Christ are sternly opposed to the intermeddling of the state in its affairs. As Christians, we are protestants; as protestants, we are dissenters from the Church of England; as dissenters, we are for the separation of the church from the state. We profess no superior skill in determining exactly the relative importance of these successive developments of our one great principle: our aim is to avow it in all its applications plainly, consistently, seasonably, with all the respect for those who differ from us which comports with the dignity and sacredness of a religious belief.

We have here adverted, however, to only one of the many questions now pressing on serious men. The entire atmosphere of Christian thought and association is undergoing a most important change. A generation has come on the great field of life on whom devolves the delicate task—more difficult, probably, than at any former time—of blending reverence of the past with aspiration towards the future. The grand truths, not only of science and morals, but of revelation, are now viewed under aspects not familiar to our fathers. The institutions of religion, as well as of general society, are judged of by new tests. Amid the whirlpool of theories generated by the intellectual activity of our age, we are surrounded by fears and by hopes which we believe to be equally groundless. In such a state of incertitude and collision, we turn with not unnatural solicitude to the position of our British churches. We witness the divisions of the Anglican Church, the disruption of the Scottish Establishment, the contests of the Wesleyan Society, the an-

bitious struggles of the Roman priesthood ; we may say that we *feel* the ground-swell which agitates the most vital portions of the congregational bodies. We cannot mistake the apprehensions so frequently expressed and cheered at the late meetings, of a possible failure in our Nonconformist theology. Assuredly we stand much in need of men who will preach the ancient gospel in the practical spirit, and with the enlightened energy of our times, giving a bold and manly exhibition of the whole truth as a message from God, without the speculative refinements, whether old or new, which, however fascinating to the philosopher, are a grand impertinence in the preacher:—speaking freely to the people as the ministers not of churches, but of Christ. By the labours of such men, God would put new life into society, the truth would meet the wants, and gain the confidence of thousands of working men whom the pastors of churches do not generally reach, and a tide of living impulses, now dormant, would mingle with the great waves of human progress, carrying the gospel through the land, and through the British empire, with a steadiness and a power which cannot be acquired, as we believe, in any other way.

Literary Intelligence.

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